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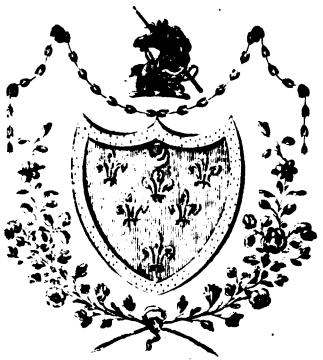

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THE Bee,

A select Collection of

ESSAYS,

on the most

Interesting and Entertaining

Subjects,

by D^r. GOLDSMITH,

A New Edition.

LONDON.

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A City

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The BEE.

NUMBER I.

SATURDAY, *October* 6, 1759.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimſically diſmal figure in nature, than a man of real modeſty who aſſumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, ſtudies eaſe, and affects good humour. In this ſituation, however, a periodical writer often finds himſelf, upon his firſt attempt to addreſs the public in form. All his power of pleaſing is damped by ſolicitude, and his chearfulneſs daſhed with apprehenſion. Impreſſed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to peev-

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neſs, and for real wit he is obliged to ſubſtitute vivacity. His firſt publication draws a crowd, they part diſſatisfied, and the author, never more to be indulged a favourable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own addreſs, or their want of diſcernment.

For my part, as I was never diſtinguiſhed for addreſs, and have often even blundered in making my bow, ſuch bodings as theſe had like to have totally repreſſed my ambition. I was at a loſs whether to give the public ſpecious promiſes, or give none; whether to be merry or ſad on this ſolemn occaſion. If I ſhould modeſtly decline all merit, it was too probable the haſty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the Magazine trade, I had, with modeſt impudence, humbly preſumed to promiſe an epitome of all the good things that ever were ſaid or written, this might have diſguſted thoſe readers I moſt deſire to pleaſe. Had I been merry, I might have been cenſured as *vaſtly low*; and had I been ſorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in ſolitude and ſilence: In ſhort, which ever way I turned, nothing preſented but proſpects of terror, deſpair, chandlers ſhops, and waſte paper.

In this debate between fear and ambition, my publiſher happening to arrive, interrupted for a

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while my anxiety. Perceiving my embarraſment about making my firſt appearance, he inſtantly offered his aſſiſtance and advice: "You muſt "know, ſir, ſays he, that the republic of letters "is at preſent divided into three claſſes. One "writer, for inſtance, excels at a plan, or a "title-page, another works away the body of the "book, and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a "Magazine is not the reſult of any ſingle man's "induſtry; but goes through as many hands as a "new pin, before it is fit for the public. I fancy, "ſir, continues he, I can provide an eminent "hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a "promiſing plan to ſmooth up our readers a little, "and pay them, as colonel Charteris paid his ſe-"raglio, at the rate of three halfpence in hand, "and three ſhillings more in promiſes."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by aſſuring him, that as I intended to purſue no fixed method, ſo it was impoſſible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious, in order to be logical, wherever pleaſure preſented, I was reſolved to follow. Like the BEE, which I had taken for the title of my paper, I would rove from flower to flower, with ſeeming inattention, but concealed choice, expatiate over all the beauties of the ſeaſon, and make my induſtry my amuſement.

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This reply may alſo ſerve as an apology to the reader, who expects, before he ſits down, a bill of his future entertainment. It would be improper to pall his curioſity by leſſening his ſurprize, or anticipate any pleaſure I am able to procure him, by ſaying what ſhall come next. Thus much, however, he may be aſſured of, that neither war nor ſcandal ſhall make any part of it. Homer finely imagines his deity turning away with horror from the proſpect of a field of battle, and ſeeking tranquility among a nation noted for peace and ſimplicity. Happy could any effort of mine, but for a moment, repreſs that ſavage pleaſure ſome men find in the daily accounts of human miſery! How gladly would I lead them from ſcenes of blood and altercation, to proſpects of innocence and eaſe, where every breeze breaths health, and every ſound is but the echo of tranquility.

But whatever the merit of his intentions may be, every writer is now convinced that he muſt be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almoſt every character which has excited either attention or praiſe, has owed part of its ſucceſs to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumſtances in its favour. Had Cæſar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a ſerjeant, and the other an exciſeman. So it is with wit, which generally ſucceeds

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ſucceeds more from being happily addreſſed, than from its native poignancy. A *bon mot*, for inſtance, that might be reliſhed at White's, may loſe all its flavour when delivered at the Cat and bagpipes in St. Giles's. A jeſt calculated to ſpread at a gaming-table, may be received with a perfect neutrality of face ſhould it happen to drop in a mackrel-boat. We have all ſeen dunces triumph in ſome companies, where men of real humour were diſregarded, by a general combination in favour of ſtupidity. To drive the obſervation as far as it will go, ſhould the labours of a writer who deſigns his performances for readers of a more refined appetite fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confuſion. If his merits are to be determined by judges who eſtimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontiſpiece, every rival muſt acquire an eaſy ſuperiority, who with perſuaſive eloquence promiſes four extraordinary pages of *letter preſs*, or three beautiful prints, curiouſly coloured from nature.

But to proceed; though I cannot promiſe as much entertainment, or as much elegance as others have done, yet the reader may be aſſured he ſhall have as much of both as I can. He ſhall, at leaſt, find me alive while I ſtudy his entertainment; for I ſolemnly aſſure him, I was never yet

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poſſeſſed of the ſecret at once of writing and ſleeping.

During the courſe of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have, are heartily at his ſervice; which if, after ſo candid a confeſſion he ſhould, notwithſtanding, ſtill find intolerably dull, low, or ſad ſtuff, this I proteſt is more than I know. I have a clear conſcience, and am entirely out of the ſecret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the peruſal of a ſingle paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may try a ſecond, which, as there is a ſtudied difference in ſubject and ſtyle, may be more ſuited to his taſte; if this alſo fails, I muſt refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in caſe of extremity: If he ſhould ſtill continue refractory, and find me dull to the laſt, I muſt inform him, with Bays in the Rehearſal, that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and deſire no more of his acquaintance.

It is with ſuch reflections as theſe I endeavour to fortify myſelf againſt the future contempt or neglect of ſome readers, and am prepared for their diſlike by mutual recrimination. If ſuch ſhould impute dealing neither in battles nor ſcandal to me as a fault, inſtead of acquieſcing in their cenſure, I muſt beg leave to tell them a ſtory.

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A traveller, in his way to Italy, happening to paſs at the foot of the Alps, found himſelf at laſt in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excreſcence depending from the chin, like the pouch of a monkey. This deformity, as it was endemic, and the people little uſed to ſtrangers, it had been the cuſtom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greateſt ornament of the human viſage. Ladies grew toaſts from the ſize of their chins, and none were regarded as pretty fellows, but ſuch whoſe faces were broadeſt at the bottom. It was Sunday, a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his firſt appearance at the church door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the ſtranger; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a purſed chin. This was a defect that not a ſingle creature had ſufficient gravity (though they were noted for being grave) to withſtand. Stifled burſts of laughter, winks, and whiſpers circulated from viſage to viſage, and the priſmatic figure of the ſtranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety; even the parſon, equally remarkable for his gravity and chin, could hardly refrain joining in the good humour. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. Good folks, ſaid he, I perceive that I am the unfortunate cauſe of all this good humour. It is true, I may

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have faults in abundance, but I shall never be induced to reckon my want of a swelled face among the number.

On a beautiful YOUTH struck blind with Lightning.

Imitated from the SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

ANOTHER. In the same spirit.

LUMINE Acon dextro capta est Leonida sinistro
Et poterat forma vincere uterque Deos.
Parve puer lumen quod habes concede puellæ
Sic tu cæcus amor sic erit illa Venus.

REMARKS

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REMARKS ON OUR THEATRES.

OUR theatres are now opened, and all Grub-ſtreet is preparing its advice to the managers; we ſhall undoubtedly hear learned diſquiſitions on the ſtructure of one actor's legs, and another's eye-brows. We ſhall be told much of enunciations, tones and attitudes, and ſhall have our lighteſt pleaſures commented upon by didactic dullneſs. We ſhall, it is feared, be told, that Garrick is a fine actor, but then, as a manager, ſo avaricious! That Palmer is a moſt promiſing genius, and Holland likely to do well, in a particular caſt of character. We ſhall have them giving Shuter inſtructions to amuſe us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of deſolated Majeſty in Covent-Garden. As I love to be adviſing too, for advice is eaſily given, and bears a ſhew of wiſdom and ſuperiority, I muſt be permitted to offer a few obſervations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occaſion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There

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There is ſomething in the deportment of all our players infinitely more ſtiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action ſits uneaſy upon them; for as the Engliſh uſe very little geſture in ordinary converſation, our Engliſh-bred actors are obliged to ſupply ſtage geſtures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-houſe he enters. An Engliſhman is obliged to take his models from the ſtage itſelf; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no ſet of men more likely to be improved by travelling than thoſe of the theatrical profeſſion. The inhabitants of the continent are leſs reſerved than here; they may be ſeen through upon a firſt acquaintance; ſuch are the proper models to draw from; they are at once ſtriking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcuſable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the Poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may ſhew the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactneſs of his judgment; we ſcarce ſee a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not ſome peculiar oddity in his action. Theſe peculiarities it is not in the power of words to repreſent, and depend ſolely upon the actor. They give a reliſh to the humour

of

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of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illuſive; the Italians, it is true, maſk ſome characters, and endeavour to preſerve the peculiar humour by the make of the maſk; but I have ſeen others ſtill preſerve a great fund of humour in the face without a maſk; one actor, particularly, by a ſquint which he threw into ſome characters of low life, aſſumed a book of infinite ſolidity. This, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet, immediately, upon repreſentation, we could not avoid being pleaſed with. To illuſtrate what I have been ſaying by the plays I have of late gone to ſee: In the Miſer which was played a few nights ago at Covent-Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumſtances of exaggerated avarice; all the player's action, therefore, ſhould conſpire with the poet's deſign, and repreſent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian, in this character, in the midſt of one of his moſt violent paſſions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice ſtill upon him, and ſtoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat-pocket with great aſſiduity. Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and turns one of them into the ſocket; it is, however, lighted up again; he then ſteals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. The Mock-Doctor was lately played at the other houſe. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridi-

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cule by action. The French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to shew away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought latin by those whom he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital, but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humour, might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fail of applause. But instead of this we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but strut, and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once, or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiæ of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Riccoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with

no

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no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several apparent improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their cloaths; this immediately apprizes us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury-Lane. Our little pages also with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our awkward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty methinks seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and for my part I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive an hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beuaty. I must think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity, and the person whom

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I can accuſe for want of taſte will ſeldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what muſt be the entire perverſion of ſcenical decorum, when for inſtance we ſee an actreſs that might act the Wapping Landlady without a bolſter, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and while unwieldy with fat endeavouring to convince the audience that ſhe is dying with hunger.

For the future then, I could wiſh that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of ſuitable figures; for I muſt own, I could rather ſee the ſtage filled with agreeable objects, though they might ſome times bungle a little, than ſee it crowded with withered or miſhapen figures, be their emphaſis, as I think it is called, ever ſo proper. The firſt may have the awkward appearance of new-raiſed troops, but in viewing the laſt, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myſelf placed in an hoſpital of invalids.

The

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THE STORY OF ALCANDER and SEPTIMIUS.

Tranſlated from a

BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, ſtill continued the ſeat of learning, politeneſs and wiſdom. The emperors and the generals, who in theſe periods of approaching ignorance, ſtill felt a paſſion for ſcience, from time to time, added to its buildings, or encreaſed its profeſſorſhips. Theodoric, the Oſtrogoth, was of the number; he repaired thoſe ſchools which barbarity was ſuffering to fall into decay, and continued thoſe penſions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized to themſelves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow ſtudents together. The one

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one the moſt ſubtle reaſoner of all the Lyceum; the other the moſt eloquent ſpeaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration ſoon begot an acquaintance, and a ſimilitude of diſpoſition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their ſtudies the ſame, and they were natives of the two moſt celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for ſome time together, when Alcander, after paſſing the firſt part of his youth in the indolence of philoſophy, thought at length of entering into the buſy world, and as a ſtep previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquiſite beauty. Hypatia ſhewed no diſlike to his addreſſes: The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happineſs, or his being unable to enjoy any ſatisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his miſtreſs to his fellow ſtudent, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himſelf equally happy in friendſhip and love. But this was an interview fatal to the

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the future peace of both. Septimius no ſooner ſaw her, but he was ſmit with an involuntary paſſion. He uſed every effort, but in vain, to ſuppreſs deſires at once ſo imprudent and unjuſt. He retired to his apartment in inexpreſſible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a ſhort time became ſo ſtrong, that they brought on a fever, which the phyſicians judged incurable.

During this illneſs, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondneſs, and brought his miſtreſs to join in thoſe amiable offices of friendſhip. The ſagacity of the phyſicians, by this means ſoon diſcovered the cauſe of their patient's diſorder; and Alcander being apprized of their diſcovery, at length extorted a confeſſion from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to deſcribe the conflict between love and friendſhip in the breaſt of Alcander on this occaſion; it is enough to ſay, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to ſuch refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to exceſs. In ſhort, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the conſtitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly

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recovered, and ſet out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of thoſe talents which he was ſo eminently poſſeſſed of, he in a few years arrived at the higheſt dignities of the ſtate, and was conſtituted the city judge, or prætor.

Mean while Alcander not only felt the pain of being ſeparated from his friend and his miſtreſs, but a proſecution was alſo commenced againſt him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having baſely given her up, as was ſuggeſted, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, or his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withſtand the influence of a powerful party.

He was caſt and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raiſe ſo large a ſum at the time appointed, his poſſeſſions were confiſcated, himſelf ſtript of the habit of freedom, expoſed in the market-place, and ſold as a ſlave to the higheſt bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaſer, Alcander, with ſome other companions of diſtreſs, was carried into the region of deſolation and ſterility. His ſtated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious maſter, and his ſkill in hunting was all that was allowed him to ſupply a precarious ſubſiſtence. Condemned to hopeleſs

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hopeleſs ſervitude every morning, waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of ſeaſon ſerved but to aggravate his unſheltered diſtreſs. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almoſt certain death was the conſequence of his attempting to fly. After ſome years of bondage, however, an opportunity of eſcaping offered; he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to ſhorten a long ſtory, he at laſt arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius ſate in the forum adminiſtring juſtice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be inſtantly known, and publickly acknowledged. Here he ſtood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of, but ſo much was he altered by a long ſucceſſion of hardſhips, that he paſſed entirely without notice; and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulſed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he now found himſelf under a neceſſity of ſeeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour ſo much wretchedneſs, and ſleeping in the ſtreets might be attended with interruption or danger: In ſhort, he was obliged to take up his lodging in

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one of the tombs without the city, the uſual retreat of guilt, poverty or deſpair.

In this manſion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miſeries for a while in ſleep, and virtue found, on this flinty couch, more eaſe than down can ſupply to the guilty.

It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to diſagree about the diviſion of their plunder, one of them ſtabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In theſe circumſtances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further enquiry. The alarm was ſpread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found ſleeping, and immediately apprehended and accuſed of robbery and murder. The circumſtances againſt him were ſtrong, and the wretchedneſs of his appearance confirmed ſuſpicion. Misfortune and he were now ſo long acquainted, that he at laſt became regardleſs of life. He deteſted a world where he had found only ingratitude, falſhood and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus lowering with reſolution; he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were poſitive againſt him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding

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proceeding to doom him to a moſt cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he diſcovered, through all his miſery, the features, though dim with ſorrow, of his long loſt, lov'd Alcander. It is impoſble to deſcribe his joy and his pain on this ſtrange occaſion. Happy in once more ſeeing the perſon he moſt loved on earth, diſtreſſed at finding him in ſuch circumſtances. Thus agitated by contending paſſions, he flew from his tribunal, and falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burſt into an agony of diſtreſs. The attention of the multitude was ſoon, however, divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended ſelling his plunder, and, ſtruck with a panic, confeſſed his crime. He was brought bound to the ſame tribunal, and acquitted every other perſon of any partnerſhip in his guilt. Need the ſequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, ſhared the friendſhip and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happineſs and eaſe, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, *That no circumſtances are ſo deſperate, which providence may not relieve.*

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A

LETTER

FROM

Mr. VOLTAIRE,

TO

Mr. D'ARGET, of LAUSANNE.

YOU demand, my dear friend and companion of Potſdam, in what manner *Pyrrhus and †Cineas have been reconciled. Firſt, then, Pyrrhus turned my tragedy of Merope into an opera, which he ſent me. Again he was ſo kind as to offer me his key, which, however, will not ſerve to open Paradiſe; and to this he added an offer of all his favours; but I am too old to accept of the favours of kings at preſent. To one of his ſiſters, who has ever preſerved a friendſhip for me, I am obliged for theſe marks of kindneſs. To her I owe the correſpondence which is now and then renewed between the heroic, poetical, warlike, ſingular, brilliant, proud, modeſt

* K. of Pruſſia. † M. de Voltaire.

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deſt king, and Cineas the Swiſs, retired from the world to happineſs.

Would you be ſo good as to pay us a ſhort viſit in this part of the world, I fancy we could ſpend the time agreeably enough; the world does not afford a finer proſpect than that from one of my windows. Imagine a canal on one ſide, that lengthens out of ſight, bordered by an hundred gardens; on the other, the vaſt Genevan lake, like a boundleſs mirrour, reflects the mountains on the oppoſite ſide, that lift themſelves above the clouds, in form of the moſt magnificent amphitheatre; and then I am ſo ſuited with an houſe, I feel no inconvenience except from flies in the midſt of winter. Madame Dennis has ſhewed the elegance of her taſte in the furniture. We live here much more comfortably than Pyrrhus, and I fancy fare better too, when we have a good appetite; without this, neither Pyrrhus nor Cineas can be happy.

We acted a tragedy yeſterday; if you chuſe to take a part, you have only to come to be fitted. In this manner we forget the quarrels of kings and of men of letters, thoſe frightful, theſe ridiculous! We have had a premature account of a battle between Marſhal Richelieu and the Prince of Brunſwick. I know not whether the Prince can ſucceed, for it is certain I have won fifty guineas

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from him at chefs. However, it is poffible to lofe at chefs, and win at a game where people play with thirty thoufand bayonets.

I grant you that the king of Pruffia may have fome foibles, but no body underftands the game he is playing better than he. He has infinite difpatch, and his troops have been difciplined long before he came to command them. It is an eafy matter to conceive how regular machines muft behave, who have long been ufed to war, who fee their fovereign at their head, who are perfonally known to him, and whom he exhorts with his hat in his hand to do their duty. Drole fellows thefe at a platoon, at handling their cartridges, and firing fix or feven times in a minute. Yet with all this dexterity their maſter lately thought that all was loft. About three months ago he was difpofed to die; he bid me adieu both in verfe and profe, but he is now quite recovered. By his difcipline and difpatch he has gained two great battles in the fpace of a month. He flies to the French, turns back upon the Auftrians, retakes Breflau, takes forty thoufand prifoners of war, and makes epigrams. We fhall fee how this bloody tragedy, fo pathetic, and yet fo complicated, will end.

Happy they, who, with an eye of tranquillity, can behold thefe great events of the beft of poffible

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ſible ſyſtems. As for the affair of the Abbe Prade, I have yet been able to receive no authentic information. Fame ſays he is hanged; but ſhe knows not what ſhe ſays. I ſhould be ſorry that all the king's readers ſhould come to an unhappy end.

Your's, &c.

Jan. 8, 1758.

VOLTAIRE.

A LET-

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A

LETTER

FROM A

TRAVELLER.

(The ſequel of this correſpondence to be continued occaſionally. I ſhall alter nothing either in the ſtile or ſubſtance of theſe letters, and the reader may depend on their being genuine.)

My dear WILL, Cracow, Aug. 2, 1758.

YOU ſee, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my reſtleſs diſpoſition give me leave to enjoy the preſent hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happineſs lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myſelf ſtill in want of ſomething, and expected to leave ſolicitude behind me by going into Romelia, and now you find me turning back, ſtill expecting eaſe every where but where I am. It is now ſeven years ſince I ſaw the face of a ſingle creature

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ture who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendſhip, or ſociety, I feel the ſolitude of an hermit, but not his eaſe.

The prince of *** has taken me in his train, ſo that I am in no danger of ſtarving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude ignorant pedant, and his tutor a battered rake: thus, between two ſuch characters you may imagine he is finely inſtructed. I made ſome attempts to diſplay all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or obſervation; but I find myſelf regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I ſhall naver be able to acquire a power of expreſſing myſelf with eaſe in any language but my own; and out of my own country the higheſt character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philoſophic vagabond.

When I conſider myſelf in the country which was once ſo formidable in war, and ſpread terror and deſolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the preſent wretchedneſs and puſilanimity of its inhabitants; a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magiſtrates ſeeking redreſs by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conſpires to raiſe my compaſſion for their miſeries, were not my thoughts too buſily engaged by my own. The whole

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whole kingdom is in ſtrange diſorder; when our equipage, which conſiſts of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at ſome towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have ſeen a woman travel thus on horſeback before us for thirty miles, and think herſelf highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with extaſy, about two-pence for her trouble. In general we were better ſerved by the women than the men on thoſe occaſions. The men ſeemed directed by a low ſordid intereſt alone; they ſeemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horſes. If we gently deſired them to make more ſpeed, they took not the leaſt notice; kind language was what they had by no means been uſed to. It was proper to ſpeak to them in the tones of anger, and ſometimes it was even neceſſary to uſe blows, to excite them to their duty. How different theſe from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront ſevenfold. Theſe poor people, however, from being brought up to vile uſage, loſe all the reſpect which they ſhould have for themſelves. They have contracted an habit of regarding conſtraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildneſs, they no longer continued to perceive a ſuperiority. They fancied themſelves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have

rendered

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rendered them inſolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows at once changed their ſenſations and their ideas: their ears, and their ſhoulders taught their ſouls to ſhrink back into ſervitude, from which they had for ſome moments fancied themſelves diſengaged.

The enthuſiaſm of liberty an Engliſhman, feels is never ſo ſtrong as when preſented by ſuch proſpects as theſe. I muſt own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boaſt) that I am of that happy country; tho' I ſcorn to ſtarve there; tho' I do not chooſe to lead a life of wretched dependance, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the eaſe and elegance of prudence, and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a ſingle anchor to hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in.

Your's, &c.

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A

SHORT ACCOUNT

Of the late

Mr. MAUPERTUIS.

MR. Maupertuis, lately deceaſed, was the firſt to whom the Engliſh philoſophers owed their being particularly admired by the reſt of Europe. The romantic ſyſtem of Des Cartes was adapted to the taſte of the ſuperficial and the indolent; the foreign univerſities had embraced it with ardour, and ſuch are ſeldom convinced of their error 'till all others give up ſuch falſe opinions as untenable. The philoſophy of Newton, and the metaphyſics of Locke appeared, but, like all new truths, they were at once received with oppoſition and contempt. The Engliſh, 'tis true, ſtudied, underſtood, and conſequently admired them; it was very different on the continent. Fontenelle, who ſeemed to preſide over the republic of letters, unwilling to acknowlege that all his life had been ſpent in erroneous philoſophy, joined in the univerſal diſapprobation, and the Engliſh philoſophers ſeemed entirely unknown.

Maupertuis, however, made them his ſtudy; he thought he might oppoſe the phyſics of his country, and

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and yet ſtill be a good citizen; he defended our countrymen, wrote in their favour, and, at laſt, as he had truth on his ſide, carried his cauſe. Almoſt all the learning of the Engliſh, 'till very lately, was conveyed in the language of France. The writings of Maupertius ſpread the reputation of his maſter Newton, and by an happy fortune have united his fame with that of our human prodigy.

The firſt of his performances, openly, in vindication of the Newtonian ſyſtem, is his treatiſe entituled, *Sur la figure des Aſtres*, if I remember right; a work at once expreſſive of a deep geometrical knowledge, and the moſt happy manner of delivering abſtruſe ſcience with eaſe. This met with violent oppoſition from a people, though fond of novelty in every thing elſe, yet, however, in matters of ſcience, attached to antient opinions with bigotry. As the old and the obſtinate fell away, the youth of France embraced the new opinions, and now ſeem more eager to defend Newton than even his countrymen.

That oddity of character which great men are ſometimes remarkable for, Maupertuis was not entirely free from. If we can believe Voltaire, he once attempted to caſtrate himſelf; but whether this be true or no, it is certain he was extremely whimſical. Though born to a large fortune, when

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when employed in mathematical enquiries, he diſregarded his perſon to ſuch a degree, and loved retirement ſo much, that he has been more than once put on the liſt of modeſt beggars by the curates of Paris, when he retired to ſome private quarter of the town, in order to enjoy his meditations without interruption. The character given of him by one of Voltaire's antagoniſts, if it can be depended upon, is much to his honour. You ſays this writer to Mr. Voltaire, You, were entertained by the king of Pruſſia as a buffoon, but Maupertuis as a philoſopher. It is certain that the preference which this royal ſcholar gave to Maupertuis was the cauſe of Voltaire's diſagreement with him. Voltaire could not bear to ſee a man, whoſe talents he had no great opinion of, preferred before him as preſident of the royal academy. His *Micromegas* was deſigned to ridicule Maupertuis; and probably it has brought more diſgrace on the author than the ſubject. Whatever abſurdities men of letters have indulged, and how fantaſtical ſoever the modes of ſcience have been, their anger is ſtill more ſubject to ridicule.

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The BEE.

NUMBER II.

SATURDAY, *October* 13, 1759.

On DRESS.

FOREIGNERS obſerve that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill dreſſed than thoſe of England. Our country-women have been compared to thoſe Pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael; but the draperies thrown out by ſome empty pretender, deſtitute of taſte, and entirely unacquainted with deſign.

If I were a poet, I might obſerve, on this occaſion, that ſo much beauty ſet off with all the advantages of dreſs, would be too powerful an

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antagoniſt for the oppoſite ſex, and therefore it was wiſely ordered, that our ladies ſhould want taſte, leſt their admirers ſhould entirely want reaſon.

But to confeſs a truth, I do not find they have a greater averſion to fine cloaths than the women of any other country whatſoever. I can't fancy that a ſhopkeeper's wife in Cheapſide has a greater tenderneſs for the fortune of her huſband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miſs in a boarding-ſchool is more an oeconomiſt in dreſs than mademoiſelle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the ſoil in which almoſt every faſhion takes its riſe, its influence is never ſo general there as with us. They ſtudy there the happy method of uniting grace and faſhion, and never excuſe a woman for being awkwardly dreſſed, by ſaying her cloaths are made in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dreſs; ſhe never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; ſhe never tricks out a ſquabby Doric ſhape, with Corinthian finery; or, to ſpeak without metaphor, ſhe conforms to general faſhion, only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

Our ladies, on the contrary, ſeem to have no other ſtandard for grace but the run of the town. If faſhion gives the word, every diſtinction of

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beauty, complexion, or ſtature ceaſes. Sweeping trains, Pruſſian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other, as if cut from the ſame piece, level all to one ſtandard. The mall, the gardens, and playhouſes are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance ſhews as little variety or taſte as if their cloaths were beſpoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the ſame artiſt who dreſſes the three battalions of guards.

But not only ladies of every ſhape and complexion, but of every age too, are poſſeſſed of this unaccountable paſſion of dreſſing in the ſame manner. A lady of no quality can be diſtinguiſhed from a lady of ſome quality only by the redneſs of her hands; and a woman of ſixty, maſked, might eaſily paſs for her grand-daughter. I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind a damſel, toſſed out in all the gaiety of fifteen; her dreſs was looſe, unſtudied, and ſeemed the reſult of conſcious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occaſion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddeſs was no other than my couſin Hannah, four years older than myſelf, and I ſhall be ſixty-two the twelfth of next November.

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After the tranſports of our firſt ſalute were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambrick, cut ſhort before, in order to diſcover an high-heeled ſhoe, which was buckled almoſt at the toe. Her cap, if cap it might be called that cap was none, conſiſted of a few bits of cambrick, and flowers of painted paper ſtuck on one ſide of her head. Her boſom, that had felt no hand, but the hand of time, theſe twenty years, roſe, ſuing, but in vain, to be preſſed. I could, indeed, have wiſhed her more than an handkerchief of Paris-net to ſhade her beauties; for, as Taſſo ſays of the roſe-bud, *Quanto ſi moſtra men tanto epiu bella*, I ſhould think her's moſt pleaſing when leaſt diſcovered.

As my couſin had not put on all this finery for nothing, ſhe was at that time ſallying out to the park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my beſt wig, ſhe offered, if I would 'ſquire her there, to ſend home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuſe; ſo, to be as gallant as poſſible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, ſo polite and ſo tender as we ſeemed to be, ſoon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were

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were out to shew their finery as well as we, wherever we came I perceived we brought good-humour in our train. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half way up the mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. "I am "amazed, cousin Jeffery, says miss, that I can "never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew "we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, "with your great wig so frizzed, and yet so "beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate "those odious muffs." I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but, as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, "I could heartily wish, madam, replied I, that, for "your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet."

As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was

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mutually agreed to retire, for a while, to one of the ſeats, and from that retreat, remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

When ſeated we continued ſilent for ſome time, employed in very different ſpeculations. I regarded the whole company now paſſing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amuſement. For my entertainment the beauty had all that morning been improving her charms, the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to pleaſe me. But quite different were the ſentiments of couſin Hannah; ſhe regarded every well-dreſſed woman as a victorious rival, hated every face that ſeemed dreſſed in good humour, or wore the appearance of greater happineſs than her own. I perceived her uneaſineſs, and attempted to leſſen it, by obſerving that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this ſhe readily aſſented; "and yet, ſays ſhe, it is full "enough of ſcrubs of one kind or another." My ſmiling at this obſervation gave her ſpirits to purſue the bent of her inclination, and now ſhe began to exhibit her ſkill in ſecret hiſtory, as ſhe found me diſpoſed to liſten. "Obſerve, ſays ſhe "to me, that old woman in tawdry ſilk, and "dreſſed out even beyond the faſhion. That is "miſs Biddy Evergreen. Miſs Biddy, it ſeems, "has money, and as ſhe conſiders that money "was never ſo ſcarce as it is now, ſhe ſeems re-"ſolved to keep what ſhe has to herſelf. She is "ugly

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"ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she "has refused several offers, to my own know- "ledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see, "three gentlemen from Ireland who study the law, "two waiting captains, her doctor, and and a "Scotch preacher, who had like to have car- "ried her off. All her time is passed between "sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole "week in a close chamber, with no other com- "pany but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat, "and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday, "to shew her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a "new cold, and to make new work for the "doctor.

"There goes Mrs. Roundabout, I mean the "fat lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between "you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how "she's dressed as fine as hands and pins can make "her, while her two marriageable daughters, "like bunters, in stuff gowns, are now taking "sixpennyworth of tea at the White-conduit- "house. Odious puss, how she waddles along, "with her train two yards behind her! She puts "me in mind of my lord Bantam's Indian sheep, "which are obliged to have their monstrous tails "trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, "it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards "of good lutestring wearing against the ground, "like one of his knives on a grindstone. To

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"ſpeak my mind, couſin Jeffery, I never liked "thoſe tails; for ſuppoſe a young fellow ſhould "be rude, and the lady ſhould offer to ſtep back "in a fright, inſtead of retiring, ſhe treads upon "her train, and falls fairly on her back; and "then you know, couſin,—her cloaths may be "ſpoiled.

"Ah! miſs Mazzard! I knew we ſhould not "miſs her in the Park; ſhe in the monſtrous "Pruſſian bonnet. Miſs, though ſo very fine, "was bred a milliner, and might have had ſome "cuſtom if ſhe had minded her buſineſs; but "the girl was fond of finery, and inſtead of dreſ- "ſing her cuſtomers, laid out all her goods in "adorning herſelf. Every new gown ſhe put on "impaired her credit; ſhe ſtill, however, went "on, improving her appearance, and leſſening "her little fortune, and is now, you ſee, become "a belle and a bankrupt."

My couſin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady ſhe had been ſo freely deſcribing. Miſs had perceived her at a diſtance, and approached to ſalute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies proteſtations, that they had been long intimate eſteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were ſo pleaſed at this happy rencounter, that they were reſolved not to part for the day. So we all croſſed the Park together, and I ſaw

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them into a backney coach at the gate of St. James's. I could not, however, help obſerving, *That they are generally moſt ridiculous themſelves, who are apt to ſee moſt ridicule in others.*

SOME

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES XII.

Not commonly known.

SIR, Stockholm,

I Cannot refift your foliciations, though it is poffible I fhall be unable to fatisfy your curiofity. The polite of every country feem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find thofe diftinctions which characterize a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes in general appear to languifh under oppreffion, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant difpofitions, it has not, however, the fame influence upon them, as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes.

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crimes. Would you believe that in Sweden highway robberies are not ſo much as heard of; for my part I have not in the whole country ſeen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite reſpect to their eccleſiaſtics, whom they ſuppoſe to be the privy counſellors of providence, who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their pariſhioners as they pleaſe. In general, however, they ſeldom abuſe their ſovereign authority. Hearkened to as oracles, regarded as the diſpenſers of eternal rewards and puniſhments, they readily influence their hearers into juſtice, and make them practical philoſophers without the pains of ſtudy.

As to their perſons they are perfectly well made, and the men particularly have a very engaging air. The greateſt part of the boys which I ſaw in the country, had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was ſomething open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither ſuch fair, nor ſuch even complexions, and their features are much leſs delicate, which is a circumſtance different from that of almoſt every other country. Beſides this, it is obſerved that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an inſtance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hoſteſs was one of the moſt beautiful women I have ever ſeen;

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ſeen; ſhe had ſo fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my ſurprize when ſhe opened her boſom in order to ſuckle her child, to perceive that ſeat of delight, all covered with this diſagreeable diſtemper. The careleſs manner in which ſhe expoſed to our eyes ſo diſguſting an object, ſufficiently teſtifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and ſeem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to take it all together, is a large, beautiful, and even populous city.

The arſenal appears to me one of its greateſt curioſities; it is an handſome ſpacious building, but however illy ſtored with the implements of war. To recompence this defect, they have almoſt filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I ſaw there ſeveral chambers filled with Daniſh, Saxon, Poliſh, and Ruſſian ſtandards. There was at leaſt enough to ſuffice half a dozen armies; but new ſtandards are more eaſily made than new armies can be enliſted. I ſaw, beſides, ſome very rich furniture, and ſome of the crown jewels of great value, but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with paſſing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious ſpoils, of the two greateſt heroes the north ever produced. What I mean

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are the cloaths in which the great Guſtavus Adolphus, and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not uſual to kings. The firſt, if I remember, is a ſort of a buff waiſtcoat, made antique faſhion, very plain, and without the leaſt ornaments; the ſecond, which was even more remarkable, conſiſted only of a coarſe blue cloth coat, a large hat of leſs value, a ſhirt of coarſe linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His ſaddle, his piſtols and his ſword, have nothing in them remarkable, the meaneſt ſoldier was in this reſpect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I ſhall uſe this opportunity to give you ſome particulars of the life of a man already ſo well known, which I had from perſons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unuſual to courtiers, ſpend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion and maſter.

Courage and inflexible conſtancy formed the baſis of this monarch's character. In his tendereſt years he gave inſtances of both. When he was yet ſcarce ſeven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal ſnapt too greedily at the morſel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiouſly, but our young hero, without

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without offering to cry, or taking the leaſt notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, leſt his dog ſhould be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen perceiving that he did not eat, aſked him the reaſon. He contented himſelf with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and ſo repeated their ſolicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loſs of blood. An officer who attended at table, at laſt perceived it; for Charles would ſooner have died than betrayed his dog, whom he knew intended no injury.

At another time, when in the ſmall pox, and his caſe appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneaſy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, deſirous of covering him up cloſe, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after obſerving the prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his diſpleaſure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. A blow, replied Charles, I don't remember any thing of it; I remember, indeed, that I thought myſelf in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground.

What

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What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction. Charles, with proper instruction, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once vertuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever shewing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty; that a peasant who does his duty is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation. Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them, but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or encrease their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a Story; what is related of the journies of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four and twenty hours successively, and

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and thus traverſed the greateſt part of his kingdom. At laſt none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus conſequently rode the greateſt part of theſe journies quite alone, without taking a moment's repoſe, and without any other ſubſiſtence but a bit of bread. In one of theſe rapid courſes, he underwent an adventure ſingular enough. Riding thus poſt one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horſe fall dead under him. This might have embarraſſed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no ſort of uneaſineſs. Sure of finding another horſe, but not equally ſo of meeting with a good ſaddle and piſtols, he ungirds his horſe, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was not far off. Entering the ſtable, he here found an horſe entirely to his mind; ſo, without further ceremony, he clapped on his ſaddle and houſing with great compoſure, and was juſt going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horſe was apprized of a ſtranger's going to ſteal his property out of the ſtable. Upon aſking the king, whom he had never ſeen, bluntly, how he preſumed to meddle with his horſe, Charles coolly replied, ſqueezing in his lips, which was his uſual cuſtom, that he took the horſe becauſe he wanted one; for you ſee, continued he, if I have none, I ſhall be obliged to carry the ſaddle myſelf. This anſwer did not ſeem at all ſatisfactory

factory to the gentleman, who inſtantly drew his ſword. In this the king was not much behind hand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards, by this time, came up, and teſtified that ſurprize which was natural, to ſee arms in the hand of a ſubject againſt his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was leſs ſurprized than they at his unpremeditated diſobedience. His aſtoniſhment, however, was ſoon diſſipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, aſſured him he was a brave fellow, and himſelf would take care he ſhould be provided for. This promiſe was afterwards fulfilled; and I have been aſſured the king made him a captain.

I am, SIR, &c.

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THE GIFT.

TO

IRIS, in Bow-Street, Covent-Garden.

SAY, cruel IRIS, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering ſhall I make,
Expreſſive of my duty.

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who ſlights the giver.

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give——and let 'em.
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them——when I get 'em.

I'll give——but not the full-blown roſe,
Or roſe-bud more in faſhion;
Such ſhort-liv'd offerings but diſcloſe
A tranſitory paſſion.

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
Not leſs ſincere, than civil:
I'll give thee——Ah! too charming maid;
I'll give thee——To the Devil.

HAP-

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HAPPINESS,

In a great Measure,

Dependant on CONSTITUTION.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue. I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny

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Armſtrong's Laſt Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to ſhew that pleaſure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amuſement. If the ſoul be happily diſpoſed, every thing becomes a ſubject of entertainment, and diſtreſs will almoſt want a name. Every occurrence paſſes in review like the figures of a proceſſion; ſome may be aukward, others ill dreſſed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the maſter of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once ſeen a ſlave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his ſituation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day 'till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all theſe circumſtances of apparent wretchedneſs, he ſung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merrieſt, happieſt man of all the garriſon. What a practical philoſopher was here; an happy conſtitution ſupplied philoſophy, and though ſeemingly deſtitute of wiſdom, he was really wiſe. No reading or ſtudy had contributed to diſenchant the fairy land around him. Every thing furniſhed him with an opportunity of mirth; and though ſome thought him from his inſenſibility a fool, he was ſuch

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ſuch an ideot as philoſophers might wiſh in vain to imitate.

They, who like him, can place themſelves on that ſide of the world in which every thing appears in a ridiculous or pleaſing light, will find ſomething in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The moſt calamitous events, either to themſelves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the buſtle of heroiſm, or the rants of ambition, ſerve only to heighten the abſurdity of the ſcene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in ſhort, as little anguiſh at their own diſtreſs, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dreſſed in black, feels ſorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal De Retz poſſeſſed this happineſs of temper in the higheſt degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and deſpiſed all that wore the pedantic appearance of philoſophy, wherever pleaſure was to be ſold, he was generally foremoſt to raiſe the auction. Being an univerſal admirer of the fair ſex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: If ſhe too rejected his addreſſes, he never thought of retiring into deſarts, or pining in hopeleſs diſtreſs. He perſuaded himſelf,

ſelf, that inſtead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and ſo all was well again. When fortune wore her angrieſt look, when he at laſt fell into the power of his moſt deadly enemy Cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a cloſe priſoner in the caſtle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to ſupport his diſtreſs by wiſdom or philoſophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himſelf and his perſecutor; and ſeemed infinitely pleaſed at his new ſituation. In this manſion of diſtreſs, though ſecluded from his friends, though denied all the amuſements, and even the conveniencies of life, teized every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he ſtill retained his good humour, laughed at all their little ſpite, and carried the jeſt ſo far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his goaler.

All that philoſophy can teach, is to be ſtubborn or ſullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will inſtruct us to be merry in circumſtances of the higheſt affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be conſtrued by others into inſenſibility, or even ideotiſm; it is happineſs to ourſelves, and none but a fool would meaſure his ſatisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgooſe was one of the happieſt ſilly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of thoſe

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thoſe good-natured creatures that are ſaid to do no harm to any but themſelves. Whenever Dick fell into any miſery, he uſually called it *ſeeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a ſharper, he comforted himſelf by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more faſhionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiſs to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incenſed his father to ſuch a degree, that all the interceſſion of friends in his favour, was fruitleſs. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. I leave my ſecond ſon Andrew, ſaid the expiring miſer, my whole eſtate, and deſire him to be frugal. Andrew, in a ſorrowful tone, as is uſual on theſe occaſions, *Prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himſelf.* I recommend Simon, my third ſon, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beſide four thouſand pounds. Ah! father, cried Simon, (in great affliction to be ſure) *May heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourſelf.* At laſt, turning to poor Dick; as for you, you have always been a ſad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich, I'll leave you a ſhilling to buy an halter. Ah! father, cries Dick, without any emotion, *May heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourſelf.* This was all the trouble the loſs of fortune gave this thoughtleſs imprudent creature. However, the tender-

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neſs of an uncle recompenced the neglect of a father; and Dick is now not only exceſſively good-humoured, but competently rich.

The world, in ſhort, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who ſmiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good humour in ſpite of ſcandal; but ſuch is the wiſeſt behaviour they can poſſibly aſſume; it is certainly a better way to oppoſe calamity by diſſipation, than to take up the arms of reaſon or reſolution to oppoſe it: By the firſt method we forget our miſeries, by the laſt we only conceal them from others; by ſtruggling with misfortunes, we are ſure to receive ſome wounds in the conflict. The only method to come off victorious, is by running away.

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ON OUR

THEATRES.

MAdemoiſelle Clairon, a celebrated actreſs at Paris, ſeems to me the moſt perfect female figure I have ever ſeen upon any ſtage. Not, perhaps, that nature has been more liberal of perſonal beauty to her, than ſome to be ſeen upon our theatres at home. There are actreſſes here who have as much of what connoiſſeurs call ſtatuary grace, by which is meant elegance unconnected with motion, as ſhe; but they all fall infinitely ſhort of her, when the ſoul comes to give expreſſion to the limbs, and animates every feature.

Her firſt appearance is exceſſively engaging; ſhe never comes in ſtaring round upon the company, as if ſhe intended to count the benefits of the houſe, or at leaſt to ſee, as well as be ſeen. Her eyes are always, at firſt, intently fixed upon the perſons of the drama, and ſhe lifts them by degrees, with enchanting diffidence, upon the ſpectators. Her firſt ſpeech, or at leaſt the firſt part of it, is delivered with ſcarce any motion of the arm; her hands and her tongue never ſet out together; but the one prepares us for the other.

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other. She ſometimes begins with a mute, eloquent attitude; but never goes forward all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice. This obſervation, though it may appear of no importance, ſhould certainly be adverted to; nor do I ſee any one performer (Garrick only excepted) among us, that is not, in this particular, apt to offend. By this ſimple beginning ſhe gives herſelf a power of riſing in the paſſion of the ſcene. As ſhe proceeds, every geſture, every look acquires new violence, till at laſt tranſported, ſhe fills the whole vehemence of the part, and all the idea of the poet.

Her hands are not alternately ſtretched out, and then drawn in again, as with the ſinging women at Sadler's-wells; they are employed with graceful variety, and every moment pleaſe with new and unexpected eloquence. Add to this, that their motion is generally from the ſhoulder; ſhe never flouriſhes her hands while the upper part of her arm is motionleſs, nor has ſhe the ridiculous appearance, as if her elbows were pinned to her hips.

But of all the cautions to be given our riſing actreſſes, I would particularly recommend it to them never to take notice of the audience, upon any occaſion whatſoever; let the ſpectators applaud never ſo loudly, their praiſes ſhould paſs, except

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except at the end of the epilogue, with ſeeming inattention. I can never pardon a lady on the ſtage who, when ſhe draws the admiration of the whole audience, turns about to make them a low courteſy for their applauſe. Such a figure no longer continues Belvidera, but at once drops into Mrs. Cibber. Suppoſe a ſober tradeſman, who once a year takes his ſhilling's worth at Drury-lane, in order to be delighted with the figure of a queen, the queen of Sheba for inſtance, or any other queen: This honeſt man has no other idea of the great but from their ſuperior pride and impertinence: Suppoſe ſuch a man placed among the ſpectators, the firſt figure that preſents on the ſtage is the queen herſelf, courteſying and cringing to all the company; how can he fancy her the haughty favourite of king Solomon the wiſe, who appears actually more ſubmiſſive than the wife of his boſom. We are all tradeſmen of a nicer reliſh in this reſpect, and ſuch a conduct muſt diſguſt every ſpectator who loves to have the illuſion of nature ſtrong upon him.

Yet, while I recommend to our actreſſes a ſkilful attention to geſture, I would not have them ſtudy it in the looking-glaſs. This, without ſome precaution, will render their action formal; by too great an intimacy with this, they become ſtiff and affected. People ſeldom improve, when they have no other model but themſelves to copy after.

I re-

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I remember to have known a notable performer of the other ſex, who made great uſe of this flattering monitor, and yet was one of the ſtiffeſt figures I ever ſaw. I am told his apartment was hung round with looking-glaſs, that he might ſee his perſon twenty times reflected upon entering the room; and I will make bold to ſay, he ſaw twenty very ugly fellows whenever he did ſo.

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A

LETTER

FROM

Mr. VOLTAIRE,

TO

Mr. TIRIOT.

Monrion, near Lauſanne,
Dear SIR, March 26, 1757.

OF all the praiſes you are pleaſed to beſtow on my trifling Eſſay on General Hiſtory, I can acquieſce only in thoſe which you mention of my impartiality, of my love of truth, and my zeal for the happineſs of ſociety. All my life has been ſpent in contributing to ſpread a ſpirit of philoſophy and toleration, and ſuch a ſpirit now ſeems to characteriſe the age. This glorious ſpirit, which animates every enlightened mind, has begun to diffuſe itſelf in this country, where firſt my valetudinary conſtitution, and now the charms of tranquility keep me. It is no ſmall example of the progreſs of human reaſon, that my Hiſtory has been printed at Geneva with public approbation,

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tion, in which I have characterized Calvin as a man of a diſpoſition as much more villainous as his underſtanding was more enlightened than that of the reſt of mankind. The death of Servetus appears ſtill abominable. The Dutch bluſh when they recollect their cruelty to Barnevelt. I know not whether the Engliſh yet find any remorſe for theirs to Byng. The attempt and the tortures of Damien have been objected to me as incongruous with my character of the preſent age. Almoſt every man of any figure in the literary world has demanded, Is this the nation which you have drawn in ſo amiable a light? Is this the age which you have deſcribed, as ſuperior to others in wiſdom? To this I anſwer (as I well may) that ſome men are of characters very different from that of their country, or the times they live in. A poor madman, of the dregs of the people, is not a model from which to characterize his country. But, on the other hand, Chatel and Ravillac were poſſeſſed with an epidemic fury, the ſpirit of public fanaticiſm turned their heads; and even ſo far was the age infected, that I have by me an apology for the behaviour of John Chatel, printed during the trial of this unhappy, but deluded creature. It is quite otherwiſe at preſent; Damien's attempt has been looked upon with indignation not only by France, but by all Europe.

In

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In the little romantic country in which I reſide, lying along the banks of the Genevan lake, we turn with horror from enormities like theſe. We act here as they ought to act at Paris; we live with tranquillity; we cultivate learning without diviſions or envy. Tavernier obſerves, that the proſpect of Lauſanne from the Genevan lake reſembles that of Conſtantinople; but what pleaſes me more than a proſpect is, that love for the arts which inſpires the generality of its inhabitants.

You have not been deceived when it was told you, that Zara, the Prodigal Son, and other plays, have been repreſented here as well as they could have been at Paris: Yet, let not this ſurprize you; they neither know, nor ſpeak any other language here than that of France. Almoſt all the families are of French extraction; and we have as much taſte here as in any part of the world.

We have not here that low ridiculous hiſtory of the war in 1741, which they have printed at Paris with my name; nor the pretended *Port feuille*, where there are ſcarce three ſentences of mine; nor that infamous rhapſody, intituled, The Maid of Orleans, replete with lines the moſt low and ſtupid, that ever eſcaped from ignorance, and with inſolencies the moſt atrocious that ever

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impudence had courage to avow. We muſt own that there have lately been many enormities committed at Paris, with both the dagger and the pen. I conſole myſelf, at being diſtant from my friends, in finding myſelf removed from ſuch enormities as theſe; and I muſt pity that amiable country which can thus produce monſters.

VOLTAIRE.

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The BEE.

NUMBER III.

SATURDAY, *October* 20, 1759.

On the USE of LANGUAGE.

THE manner in which moſt writers begin their treatiſes on the Uſe of Language, is generally thus: "Language has been granted to "man, in order to diſcover his "wants and neceſſities, ſo as to have them re- "lieved by ſociety. Whatever we deſire, what- "ever we wiſh, it is but to cloath thoſe deſires "or wiſhes in words, in order to fruition; the "principal uſe of language, therefore, ſay they, "is to expreſs our wants, ſo as to receive a ſpeedy "redreſs."

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Such an account as this may ſerve to ſatisfy grammarians and rhetoricians well enough, but men who know the world, maintain very contrary maxims; they hold, and I think with ſome ſhew of reaſon, they hold, that he who beſt knows how to conceal his neceſſities and deſires, is the moſt likely perſon to find redreſs, and that the true uſe of ſpeech is not ſo much to expreſs our wants as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, we ſhall find that they who ſeem to want them leaſt, are the very perſons who moſt liberally ſhare them. There is ſomething ſo attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the ſmaller; and the poor find as much pleaſure in encreaſing the enormous maſs, as the miſer, who owns it, ſees happineſs in its encreaſe. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of true morality. Seneca himſelf allows, that in conferring benefits, the preſent ſhould always be ſuited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large preſents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling ſtations are obliged to be content with preſents ſomething leſs, while the beggar, who may be truly ſaid to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmeſt ſolicitations.

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Every man who has seen the world, and has had his *ups and downs in life*, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask his friend to lend him an hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; but should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for two pence. A certain young fellow at George's, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a new suit from his taylor, always made the proposal in laced cloaths; for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, Mr. Lynch had taken an oath against trusting; or what was every bit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home these two days.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but

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before a poor man opens his mind in ſuch circumſtances, he ſhould firſt conſider whether he is contented to loſe the eſteem of the perſon he ſolicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendſhip only to excite compaſſion. Pity and friendſhip are paſſions incompatible with each other, and it is impoſſible that both can reſide in any breaſt for the ſmalleſt ſpace, without impairing each other. Friendſhip is made up of eſteem and pleaſure; pity is compoſed of ſorrow and contempt; the mind may for ſome time fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both together.

Yet let it not be thought that I would exclude pity from the human mind. There is ſcarce any who are not in ſome degree poſſeſſed of this pleaſing ſoftneſs; but it is at beſt but a ſhort-lived paſſion, and ſeldom affords diſtreſs more than tranſitory aſſiſtance: With ſome it ſcarce laſts from the firſt impulſe till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that ſpace, and on ſome of extraordinary ſenſibility, I have ſeen it operate for half an hour. But, however, laſt as it will, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive we give an halfpenny, from others we give always pound. In great diſtreſs we ſometimes, it is true, feel the influence of tenderneſs ſtrongly; when the ſame diſtreſs ſolicits a ſecond time, we then feel with diminiſhed ſenſibility, but like the

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repetition of an eccho, every new impulse becomes weaker, till at last our sensations lose every mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

Jack Spindle and I were old acquaintance; but he's gone. Jack was bred in a compting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which he had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as an habitual prudence, and from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Those who had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. Jack, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought Jack to a different way of thinking; and he at last thought it his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was therefore to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused.

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Jack, therefore, thought he might uſe his old friend without any ceremony, and as a man confident of not being refuſed, requeſted the uſe of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he juſt then had an occaſion for money. "And pray, Mr. "Spindle, replied the ſcrivener, do you want all "this money?" "Want it, Sir, ſays the other, if "I did not want it, I ſhould not have aſked it." "I am ſorry for that, ſays the friend; for thoſe "who want money when they come to borrow, "will want money when they ſhould come to pay. "To ſay the truth, Mr. Spindle, money is money "now-a-days. I believe it is all ſunk in the bot-"tom of the ſea, for my part; and he that has "got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what "he has got."

Not quite diſconcerted by this refuſal, our adventurer was reſolved to apply to another, whom he knew to be the very beſt friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addreſſed, received his propoſal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendſhip. "Let "me ſee, you want an hundred guineas, and "pray, dear Jack, would not fifty anſwer." "*If you have but fifty to ſpare, Sir, I muſt be con-*"*tented.*" "Fifty to ſpare, I do not ſay that, for "I believe I have but twenty about me." "*Then*"*I muſt borrow the other thirty from ſome other*"*friend.*" "And pray, replied the friend, would

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"it not be the beſt way to borrow the whole "money from that other friend, and then one note "will ſerve for all, you know. Lord, Mr. Spin-"dle, make no ceremony with me at any time; "you know I'm your friend, and when you chuſe "a bit of dinner or ſo.——You, Tom, ſee the "the gentleman down. You wont forget to dine "with us now and then. Your very humble ſer-"vant."

Diſtreſſed, but not diſcouraged at this treatment, he was at laſt reſolved to find that aſſiſtance from love, which he could not have from friendſhip. Miſs Jenny Diſmal had a fortune in her own hands, and ſhe had already made all the advances that her ſex's modeſty would permit. He made his propoſal therefore with confidence, but ſoon perceived, *No bankrupt ever found the fair one kind.* Miſs Jenny and Maſter Billy Galloon were lately fallen deeply in love with each other, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would ſoon be a match.

Every day now began to ſtrip Jack of his former finery; his cloaths flew piece by piece to the pawnbroker's, and he ſeemed at length equipped in the genuine mourning of antiquity. But ſtill he thought himſelf ſecure from ſtarving, the numberleſs invitations he had received to dine, even after his loſſes, were yet unanſwered; he was therefore now reſolved to accept of a dinner be-

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cauſe he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The laſt place I ſaw poor Jack was at the Rev. Dr. Goſling's. He had, as he fancied, juſt nicked the time, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being deſired, and talked for ſome time without being attended to. He aſſured the company, that nothing procured ſo good an appetite as a walk to White Conduit-houſe, where he had been that morning. He looked at the table-cloth, and praiſed the figure of the damaſk; talked of a feaſt where he had been the day before, but that the veniſon was over done. All this, however, procured the poor creature no invitation, and he was not yet ſufficiently hardened to ſtay without being aſked; wherefore, finding the gentleman of the houſe inſenſible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at laſt, to retire, and mend his appetite by a walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace; whether in Kent-ſtreet or the Mall; whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I adviſe as a friend, never ſeem in want of the favour which you ſolicit. Apply to every paſſion but pity, for redreſs. You may find relief from vanity, from ſelf-intereſt, or from avarice, but ſeldom from compaſſion. The very eloquence of a poor man is diſguſting; and that mouth

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mouth which is opened even for flattery, is ſeldom expected to cloſe without a petition.

If then you would ward off the gripe of poverty, pretend to be a ſtranger to her, and ſhe will at leaſt uſe you with ceremony. Hear not my advice, but that of Offellus. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porrenger of peaſe ſoup and potatoes, praiſe the wholeſomeneſs of your frugal repaſt. You may obſerve, that Dr. Cheyne has preſcribed peaſe broth for the gravel, hint that you are not one of thoſe who are always making a god of your belly. If you are obliged to wear a flimſy ſtuff in the midſt of winter, be the firſt to remark that ſtuffs are very much worn at Paris. If there be found ſome irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of ſitting croſs-legged, coaxing, or derning, ſay, that neither you nor Sampſon Gideon were ever very fond of dreſs. Or if you be a philoſopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the taylors you chooſe to employ; aſſure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, ſince what now is ſo much the pride of ſome, was formerly our ſhame. Horace will give you a Latin ſentence fit for the occaſion,

Toga defendere frigus quamvis craſſa queat.

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'In short, however caught, do not give up, but aſcribe to the frugality of your diſpoſition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowneſs of your circumſtances, and appear rather to be a miſer than a beggar. To be poor, and to ſeem poor, is a certain method never to riſe. Pride in the great is hateful, in the wiſe it is ridiculous; *beggarly pride* is the only ſort of vanity I can excuſe.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA.

MAN, when ſecluded from ſociety, is not a more ſolitary being than the woman who leaves the duties of her own ſex to invade the privileges of ours. She ſeems, in ſuch circumſtances, like one in baniſhment; ſhe appears like a neutral being between the ſexes; and tho' ſhe may have the admiration of both, ſhe finds true happineſs from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none who was ever more juſtly celebrated than the beautiful Hypaſia, the daughter of Leon the philoſopher. This moſt accompliſhed of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodoſius the younger. Nature was never more laviſh of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as ſhe was with the moſt exalted underſtanding, and the happieſt turn to ſcience. Education compleated what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her ſex.

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From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge which at that period of time was required to form the character of a philosopher no way discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she, all the difficulties of these two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking,

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ſtriking, a virtue that might repreſs the moſt aſ-ſuming; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city, the reſort of all the learning then exiſting in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with ſuch accompliſhments, Hypaſia was the moſt modeſt of her ſex. Her reputation for vir-tue was not leſs than her virtues; and though, in a city divided between two factions, though viſited by the wits and the philoſophers of the age, calumny never dared to ſuſpect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Chriſtians and the Heathens who have tranſmitted her hiſtory and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they ſpeak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, ſo much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in ſpite of the oppoſition of their faith, we ſhould never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypaſia, were we not informed, from other circumſtances, that ſhe was an heathen. Pro-vidence had taken ſo much pains in forming her, that we are almoſt induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a Chriſtian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thouſand contrary obſervations, which lead us to reverence its inſcrutable myſteries.

This

This great reputation which she so justly was possessed of, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or perhaps desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect, who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain;

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contain; at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the great. It may be easily imagined that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the emperor. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of the monks; they, therefore, assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without farther delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and

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rites of burial, and went even ſo far as himſelf to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he claſſed a ſeditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the moſt moderate even among the Chriſtians perceived and blamed his indiſcretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made ſeveral overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not ſucceeding, he bore all thoſe an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have any hand in traverſing his deſigns; but Hypaſia was particularly deſtined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as ſhe was known to have a moſt refined friendſhip for the prefect; wherefore the populace were incited againſt her. *Peter*, a reader of the principal church, one of thoſe vile ſlaves by which men in power are too frequently attended, wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer; this fellow, I ſay, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypaſia, as ſhe was returning from a viſit, at her own door, ſeized her as ſhe was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Ceſarea, where, ſtripping her in the moſt inhuman manner, they exerciſed the moſt inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains to aſhes. Such was the end of Hypaſia, the glory of her own ſex, and the aſtoniſhment of ours.

SOME

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ON JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

LYSIPPUS is a man whoſe greatneſs of ſoul the whole world admires. His generoſity is ſuch, that it prevents a demand, and ſaves the receiver the trouble and the confuſion of a requeſt. His liberality alſo does not oblige more by its greatneſs, than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even diſtributes his bounties to ſtrangers, and has been known to do good offices to thoſe who profeſſed themſelves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praiſe of his generoſity; there is only one ſort of people, who complain of his conduct. Lyſippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct ſo ſeemingly incompatible with itſelf. There is greatneſs in being generous, and there is only ſimple juſtice in ſatisfying his creditors. Generoſity is the part of a ſoul raiſed above the vulgar. There is in it ſomething of what we admire in

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heroes, and praiſe with a degree of rapture. Juſtice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradeſmen, and what is practiſed by every broker in Change Alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no ſort of glory. Should Lyſippus ſatisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world. Generoſity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raiſed above duty, and from its elevation attracts the attention, and the praiſes of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reaſon upon juſtice and generoſity. The firſt is deſpiſed, though a virtue eſſential to the good of ſociety, and the other attracts our eſteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuoſity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reaſon. Lyſippus is told that his banker aſks a debt of forty pounds, and that a diſtreſſed acquaintance petitions for the ſame ſum. He gives it without heſitating to the latter; for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not ſufficiently acquainted with the import of the word Juſtice: It is commonly believed to conſiſt only in a performance of thoſe duties to which the laws of

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ſociety can oblige us. This I allow is ſometimes the import of the word, and in this ſenſe juſtice is diſtinguiſhed from equity; but there is a juſtice ſtill more extenſive, and which can be ſhewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Juſtice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every perſon what is his due. In this extended ſenſe of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reaſon preſcribes, or ſociety ſhould expect. Our duty to our maker, to each other, and to ourſelves, are fully anſwered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus juſtice, properly ſpeaking, is the only virtue, and all the reſt have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generoſity, for inſtance, are not in their own nature, virtues; and, if ever they deſerve the title, it is owing only to juſtice, which impels and directs them. Without ſuch a moderator, candour might become indiſcretion, fortitude obſtinacy, charity imprudence, and generoſity miſtaken profuſion.

A diſintereſted action, if it be not conducted by juſtice, is at beſt indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of ſociety, of preſents, of entertainments,

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and the other helps to chearfulneſs, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of diſpoſing of our ſuperfluities, but they become vicious when they obſtruct or exhauſt our abilities from a more virtuous diſpoſition of our circumſtances.

True generoſity is a duty as indiſpenſibly neceſſary as thoſe impoſed upon us by law. It is a rule impoſed upon us by reaſon, which ſhould be the ſovereign law of a rational being. But this generoſity does not conſiſt in obeying every impulſe of humanity, in following blind paſſion for our guide, and impairing our circumſtances by preſent benefactions, ſo as to render us incapable of future ones.

Miſers are generally characterized as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this paſſion ſacrifice every other happineſs. They have been deſcribed as madmen, who, in the midſt of abundance, baniſh every pleaſure, and make, from imaginary wants, real neceſſities. But few, very few, correſpond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all theſe circumſtances are found united. Inſtead of this, we find the ſober and the induſtrious branded by the vain and the idle, with this odious appellation. Men who, by frugality and labour, raiſe themſelves above their

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their equals, and contribute their ſhare of induſtry to the common ſtock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may ſay, well were it for ſociety had we more of this character amongſt us. In general, theſe cloſe men are found at laſt the true benefactors of ſociety. With an avaricious man we ſeldom loſe in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French prieſt, whoſe name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refuſed to relieve the moſt apparent wretchedneſs, and by a ſkilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immenſe ſums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, deteſted him, and the populace, who ſeldom love a miſer, wherever he went, received him with contempt. He ſtill, however, continued his former ſimplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly, in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune, which he had been amaſſing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more uſeful and laſting ſervice, than if he had diſtributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

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Among men long converſant with books, we too frequently find thoſe miſplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the ſtudious animated with a ſtrong paſſion, for the great virtues, as they are miſtakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philoſophy are generally rather exhauſted on theſe ſupererogatory duties, than on ſuch as are indiſpenſably neceſſary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from ſtudy alone, generally comes into the world with an heart melting at every fictitious diſtreſs. Thus he is induced by miſplaced liberality, to put himſelf into the indigent circumſtances of the perſon he relieves.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the Ancients, to a young man, whom he ſaw giving away all his ſubſtance to pretended diſtreſs. "It is poſſible, that the perſon you "relieve, may be an honeſt man; and I know, "that you, who relieve him, are ſuch. You "ſee, then, by your generoſity, you only rob "a man, who is certainly deſerving, to beſtow "it on one who may poſſibly be a rogue. And "while you are unjuſt in rewarding uncertain "merit, you are doubly guilty by ſtripping "yourſelf."

ON

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ON

WIT.

By VOLTAIRE.

WIT ſeems to be one of thoſe undetermined ſounds to which we affix ſcarce any preciſe idea. It is ſomething more than judgment, genius, taſte, talent, penetration, grace, delicacy, and yet it partakes ſomewhat of each. It may be properly defined ingenious reaſon. It is one of thoſe general terms which always want another word to determine their ſignification; and when we hear ſuch a work praiſed for being witty, ſuch a man applauded for wit, it is but juſt to aſk of what ſort.

Thus Corneille with ſublimity, and Boileau with exactneſs; Fontaine with ſimplicity, and Bruyere by being natural, are all reckoned men of wit, yet each differs from the other; and ſtill more from ſome philoſophers, who may be accounted witty men, who join ſagacity to imagination.

They who deſpiſe the Genius of Ariſtotle (inſtead of being contented with rejecting his Phyſics

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only, which cannot be good, as he had but few experiments to direct them) will be much surprized to find in his rhetoric the manner of saying things wittily. He informs us there, that the art does not consist in simply using the proper term, which offers to the imagination nothing new. We ought, says he, rather to employ a metaphor, or a figure, the sense of which must be clear, and the expression energetic.

Of this he gives several examples, and, among others, the expression of Pericles, in talking of a battle in which the most beautiful of the youth of Athens were slain, *The year has been deprived of its spring.* He adds, that the thought also should have the grace of novelty. The person who first, to express how pleasures were generally attended with pain, made use of the simile of roses being gathered among thorns, had wit. But 't is otherwise with those who repeat it after him.

But a metaphor is not always the wittiest manner of expressing a thing with spirit, a great deal consists in an unexpected turn, in leaving us to understand, without trouble, a part of the poet's meaning. This is so much the more pleasing, as it seems an indirect compliment to the reader, and shews his wit, as well as that of the Poet. Allusion, allegory, comparison, each furnishes an extensive field of ingenuity; history, fable, and the effects

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effects of nature, furniſh matter to a well-regulated imagination, that can never be exhauſted.

Let us then conſider in what Places wit ſhould be admitted. It ſeems pretty manifeſt, that, in works of dignity, it ſhould be uſed with caution, as it is only, at beſt, an ornament. The great art is in the proper timing this ornament. A fine thought, a juſt or elegant compariſon, are faults, when reaſon only, or when paſſion ſhould ſpeak, and particularly where the ſubject is intereſting. Uſing it in ſuch circumſtances as theſe, ſhould not be called falſe wit (as Addiſon commonly expreſſes it;) but wit diſplaced, and every miſplaced beauty is rather a defect. This is a fault in which Virgil never tranſgreſſes, and with which Taſſo may be ſometimes reproached, all admirable as he is at other times. This error generally ariſes from an author's exuberance; filled with ideas of different kinds, he is deſirous of ſhewing himſelf, when he ought only to exhibit his perſonages. The beſt method of knowing the true uſe to be made of wit is, by reading the ſmall number of good works, both in the learned languages, and in our own.

Falſe wit, as I have already hinted, is very different from diſplaced wit. This is not only a falſe thought, but it is generally far-fetched alſo. A man of ſome wit, who formerly abridged Homer

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Homer in French verſe, imagined he added beauties to the old ſimple bard, in ſometimes lending him embelliſhments. On the reconciling Achilles with Agamemnon, he thus flouriſhes it:

Tout le camp s'ecria dans une joie extrême
Que ne vainc-t-il point? Il s'eſt vaincu lui même!

The ſhouting army cry'd with joy extreme,
He ſure muſt conquer, who himſelf can tame!

His taming himſelf does by no means imply his conquering others; but this is not the abſurdity alone, but in making the army, as if by inſpiration, join in a far-fetched obſervation. If this ſhocks the reader of nice diſcernment, how much more ſo muſt all thoſe forced expreſſions, cold yet ſtiffened alluſions, and bloated nothings diſpleaſe, which are found in great plenty in works of otherwiſe real merit. How can we bear to hear a mathematician ſay, "If Saturn "ſhould happen to be removed, the remoteſt of "his ſatellites would probably take his place, ſince "great princes always keep their ſucceſſors at "a diſtance." It is intolerable, when ſpeaking of Hercules underſtanding phyſicks, to ſay that there was no reſiſting a philoſopher of his force. The deſire of ſparkling and ſurpriſing is too frequently the cauſe of exceſſes of this kind.

This

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This trifling vanity has alſo produced the playing upon words in every language, which is the worſt ſort of falſe wit.

Falſe taſte is very different from falſe wit, as the latter always proceeds from affectation, from an effort to go wrong; on the contrary, the other is an habit of going wrong without deſign, and following, as if by inſtinct, ſome bad, though eſtabliſhed model. The incoherent exuberance of an oriental imagination is a falſe taſte, and an improper example to imitate: however, they more frequently tranſgreſs in this reſpect, rather from a poverty than a copiouſneſs of real genius. Falling ſtars, ſplitting mountains, rivers flowing to their ſources, the ſun and moon diſſolving, falſe and unnatural compariſons, and nature every where exaggerated, form the character of theſe writers; and this ariſes from their never, in theſe countries, being permitted to ſpeak in public. True eloquence has never been cultivated there, and it is much eaſier to write in a turgid ſtrain, than with eaſe and delicate ſimplicity.

In a word, falſe wit is entirely the oppoſite of the Eaſtern manner; the man of falſe wit deſires to ſay in riddles, what others have ſpoken naturally. He deſires to unite ideas the moſt incompatible, to divide thoſe which nature has united. To catch unnatural ſimilitudes, without diſcretion

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to unite pleaſantry with what is ſerious, to mix great and little images together, and to confuſe inſtead of ſatisfying the imagination.

But perſpicuity is not the only part of ſtile in which falſe wit is not conſpicuous, we are at the ſame time too fond of embelliſhment. In our moſt applauded productions there is ſcarce a ſentence which is not loaded with unneceſſary ornament, which, though it may add grace to a period, generally diſunites the force of a paragraph. The attention, as in Gothic architecture is ſplit upon a number of minute elegances, which, though each are ſeparately pretty, diminiſh the force of the whole.

Theſe are faults that ſeem to characterize the writings of the age; to theſe every author who would be admired muſt conform. With theſe faults he is ſure of immediate applauſe, though frequently ſcarce allowed a reading. We have ſeen many a writer, of late, make his appearance with theſe qualifications, inſtead of merit; we have ſeen him read by a few, praiſed by all, and ſoon forgotten.

I have been often at a loſs, whether to aſcribe the decline of taſte in a nation, to the reader or the writer. Perhaps both are in fault; the one ſatiated with varied inſtances of perfection, grows whim-

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whimſical, deſires ſomething new, and miſtakes change for improvement. The other, willing to avoid the character of an imitator, borrows peculiarities from affectation, and becomes original only in trifles. In ſhort, it is as difficult now among ſuch a number of candidates, to catch the attention without theſe oddities of ſtile, as to be remarkable in a crowd without ſome peculiarity in dreſs and behaviour.

But theſe are generally fleeting modes, which are introduced by the great, brought up to pleaſe for a day, ſoon to be diſplaced by others, which have the advantages of being more new to recommend them. The literary republic, however, will never ſuffer real injury from ſuch; for whatever pleaſes from its novelty alone, can never pleaſe long. Not from theſe, then, but from the compilers and commentators of the day, is literature to expect the mortal blow; from pedants, who have no claim but their induſtry for our applauſe; from laborious drones, who write through folios, but do not think through a page.

A SON-

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A

SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Loſt to every gay delight;
MYRA, too ſincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet, why this killing ſoft dejection?
Why dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had MYRA followed my direction,
She long had wanted cauſe to fear.

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SOME PARTICULARS Relating to FATHER FREIJO.

Primus mortales tollere contra
Eſt oculos auſus primuſq; aſſurgere contra.

LUCR.

THE Spaniſh nation has, for many centuries paſt, been remarkable for the groſſeſt ignorance in polite literature, eſpecially in point of natural philoſophy; a ſcience ſo uſeful to mankind, that her neighbours have ever eſteemed it a matter of the greateſt importance, to endeavour, by repeated experiments, to ſtrike a light out of the chaos, in which truth ſeemed to be confounded. Their curioſity, in this reſpect, was ſo indifferent, that, though they had diſcovered new worlds, they were at a loſs to explain the phœnomena of their own, and their pride ſo unaccountable, that they diſdained to borrow from others that inſtruction, which their natural indolence permitted them not to acquire.

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It gives me, however, a ſecret ſatisfaction, to behold an extraordinary genius now exiſting in that nation, whoſe ſtudious endeavours ſeem calculated to undeceive the ſuperſtitious, and inſtruct the ignorant: I mean the celebrated Padre Freijo. In unravelling the myſteries of nature, and explaining phyſical experiments, he takes an opportunity of diſplaying the concurrence of ſecond cauſes, in thoſe very wonders which the vulgar aſcribe to ſuper-natural influence.

An example of this kind happened a few years ago, in a ſmall town of the Kingdom of Valencia. Paſſing through at the hour of maſs, he alighted from his mule, and proceeded to the pariſh-church, which he found extremely crouded, and there appeared on the faces of the faithful a more than uſual alacrity. The ſun, it ſeems, which had been for ſome minutes under a cloud, had begun to ſhine on a large crucifix, that ſtood on the middle of the altar, ſtudded with ſeveral precious ſtones. The reflexion from theſe, and from the diamond eyes of ſome ſilver ſaints, ſo dazzed the multitude, that they unanimouſly cried out, A miracle! a miracle! whilſt the prieſt at the altar, with ſeeming conſternation, continued his heavenly converſation. Padre Freijo ſoon diſſipated the charm, by tying his handkerchief round the head of one of the ſtatues, for which he was arraigned by the inquiſition; whoſe flames, however, he has had the good fortune hitherto to eſcape.

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The BEE.

NUMBER IV.

SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1759.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WERE I to measure the merit of my present undertaking by its success, or the rapidity of its sale, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favourable to the pride of an author. Should I estimate my fame by its extent, every News-Paper and every Magazine would leave me far behind. Their fame is diffused in a very wide circle, that of some as far as Islington, and some yet farther still; while mine, I sincerely believe, has hardly travelled beyond the sound of Bow-bell; and while the works of others fly like unpinioned swans, I find my own move as heavily as a new-plucked goose.

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Still, however, I have as much pride as they who have ten times as many readers. It is impoſſible to repeat all the agreeable deluſions in which a diſappointed author is apt to find comfort. I conclude, that what my reputation wants in extent, is made up by its ſolidity. *Minus juvat Gloria lata quam magna.* I have great ſatiſfaction in conſidering the delicacy and diſcernment of thoſe readers I have, and in aſcribing my want of popularity to the ignorance or inattention of thoſe I have not. All the world may forſake an author, but vanity will never forſake him.

Yet notwithſtanding ſo ſincere a confeſſion, I was once induced to ſhew my indignation againſt the public, by diſcontinuing my endeavours to pleaſe; and was bravely reſolved, like Raleigh, to vex them, by burning my manuſcript in a paſſion. Upon recollection, however, I conſidered what ſet or body of people would be diſpleaſed at my raſhneſs. The ſun, after ſo ſad an accident, might ſhine next morning as bright as uſual; men might laugh and ſing the next day, and tranſact buſineſs as before, and not a ſingle creature feel any regret but myſelf.

I reflected upon the ſtory of a miniſter, who, in the reign of Charles II. upon a certain occaſion, reſigned all his poſts, and retired into the country in a fit of reſentment. But as he had not

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given the world entirely up with his ambition, he ſent a meſſenger to town, to ſee how the courtiers would bear his reſignation. Upon the meſſenger's return, he was aſked whether there appeared any commotions at court? To which he replied, There were very great ones. "Ay, "ſays the miniſter, I knew my friends would "make a buſtle; all petitioning the king for my "reſtoration, I preſume." "No, Sir, replied "the meſſenger, they are only petitioning his "majeſty to be put in your place." In the ſame manner, ſhould I retire in indignation, inſtead of having Apollo in mourning, or the Muſes in a fit of the ſpleen; inſtead of having the learned world apoſtrophiſing at my untimely deceaſe, perhaps all Grub-ſtreet might laugh at my fall, and ſelf-approving dignity might never be able to ſhield me from ridicule. In ſhort, I am reſolved to write on, if it were only to ſpite them. If the preſent generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O poſterity, to you I call, and from you I expect redreſs! What rapture will it not give to have the Scaligers, Daciers, and Warburtons of future times commenting with admiration upon every line I now write, working away thoſe ignorant creatures who offer to arraign my merit with all the virulence of learned reproach. Ay, my friends, let them feel it; call names; never ſpare them; they deſerve it all, and ten times more. I have been told of a critic, who was crucified, at the

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command of another, to the reputation of Homer. That, no doubt, was more than poetical juſtice, and I ſhall be perfectly content if thoſe who criticiſe me are only clapped in the pillory, kept fifteen days upon bread and water, and obliged to run the gantlope through Pater-noſter Row. The truth is, I can expect happineſs from poſterity either way. If I write ill, happy in being forgotten; if well, happy in being remembered with reſpect.

Yet, conſidering things in a prudential light, perhaps I was miſtaken in deſigning my paper as an agreeable relaxation to the ſtudious, or an help to converſation among the gay; inſtead of addreſſing it to ſuch, I ſhould have written down to the taſte and apprehenſion of the many, and ſought for reputation on the broad road. Literary fame I now find like religious, generally begins among the vulgar. As for the polite, they are ſo very polite, as never to applaud upon any account. One of theſe, with a face ſcrewed up into affectation, tells you, that fools may *admire*, but men of ſenſe only *approve*. Thus, leſt he ſhould riſe into rapture at any thing new, he keeps down every paſſion but pride and ſelf-importance; approves with phlegm, and the poor author is damned in the taking a pinch of ſnuff. Another has written a book himſelf, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a ſort of king's evidence

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evidence in criticism, and now becomes the terror of every offender. A third, possessed of full-grown reputation, shades off every beam of favour from those who endeavour to grow beneath him, and keeps down that merit, which, but for his influence, might rise into equal eminence. While others, still worse, peruse old books for their amusement, and new books only to condemn; so that the public seem heartily sick of all but the business of the day, and read every thing new with as little attention as they examine the faces of the passing crowd.

From these considerations I was once determined to throw off all connexions with taste, and fairly address my countrymen in the same engaging style and manner with other periodical pamphlets, much more in vogue than probably mine shall ever be. To effect this, I had thoughts of changing the title into that of the ROYAL BEE, the ANTI-GALLICAN BEE, or the BEE'S MAGAZINE. I had laid in a proper stock of popular topicks, such as encomiums on the king of Prussia, invectives against the queen of Hungary and the French, the necessity of a militia, our undoubted sovereignty of the seas, reflections upon the present state of affairs, a dissertation upon liberty, some seasonable thoughts upon the intended bridge of Black-friars, and an address to Britons. The history of an old woman, whose teeth grew three inches

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long, an ode upon our victories, a rebus, an acroſtic upon Miſs Peggy P. and a journal of the weather. All this, together with four extraordinary pages of *letter preſs*, a beautiful map of England, and two prints curiouſly coloured from nature, I fancied might touch their very ſouls. I was actually beginning an addreſs to the people, when my pride at laſt overcame my prudence, and determined me to endeavour to pleaſe by the goodneſs of my entertainment, rather than by the magnificence of my ſign.

The Spectator, and many ſucceeding eſſayiſts, frequently inform us of the numerous compliments paid them in the courſe of their lucubrations; of the frequent encouragements they met to inſpire them with ardour, and increaſe their eagerneſs to pleaſe. I have received *my letters* as well as they; but alas! not congratulatory ones; not aſſuring me of ſucceſs and favour; but pregnant with bodings that might ſhake even fortitude itſelf.

One gentleman aſſures me, he intends to throw away no more three-pences in purchaſing the BEE, and what is ſtill more diſmal, he will not recommend me as a poor author wanting encouragement to his neighbourhood, which it ſeems is very numerous. Were my ſoul ſet upon three-pences, what anxiety might not ſuch a denuncia-

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tion produce! But such does not happen to be the present motive of publication! I write partly to shew my good-nature, and partly to shew my vanity; nor will I lay down the pen till I am satisfied one way or another.

Others have disliked the title and the motto of my paper, point out a mistake in the one, and assure me the other has been consigned to dulness by anticipation. All this may be true; *but what is that to me?* Titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king. The wise sometimes condescend to *accept* of them; but none but a fool will imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of title. *Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

For my part, I am ever ready to mistrust a promising title, and have, at some expence, been instructed not to hearken to the voice of an advertisement, let it plead never so loudly, or never so long. A countryman coming one day to Smithfield, in order to take a slice of Bartholomew-fair, found a perfect shew before every booth. The drummer, the fire-eater, the wire-walker, and the salt-box were all employed to invite him in. *Just a going; the court of the king of Prussia in all his glory; pray, gentlemen,*

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walk in and ſee. From people who generouſly gave ſo much away, the clown expected a monſtrous bargain for his money when he got in. He ſteps up, pays his ſixpence, the curtain is drawn, when too late he finds, that he had the beſt part of the ſhew for nothing at the door.

A FLE-

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A

FLEMISH TRADITION.

EVERY country has its traditions, which, either too minute or not ſufficiently authentic to receive hiſtorical ſanction, are handed down among the vulgar, and ſerve at once to inſtruct and amuſe them. Of this number the adventures of Robin Hood, the hunting of Chevy-chace, and the bravery of Johnny Armſtrong, among the Engliſh; of Kaul Dereg, among the Iriſh; and Creigton, among the Scots, are inſtances. Of all the traditions, however, I remember to have heard, I do not recollect any more remarkable than one ſtill current in Flanders; a ſtory generally the firſt the peaſants tell their children, when they bid them behave like Bidderman the wiſe. It is by no means, however, a model to be ſet before a polite people for imitation; ſince if, on the one hand, we perceive in it the ſteady influence of patriotiſm; we, on the other, find as ſtrong a deſire of revenge. But, to wave introduction, let us to the ſtory.

When the Saracens over-ran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman

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Bidderman was Lord of a city, which time has ſince ſwept into deſtruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under ſeparate leaders, the Saracens found an eaſy conqueſt, and the city of Bidderman, among the reſt, became a prey to the victors.

Thus diſpoſſeſſed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to ſeek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unſubdued, and he for ſome time lived in a ſtate of wretched dependance among them.

Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, reſolved to reſcue it from the enemy, or fall in the attempt: Thus, in diſguiſe, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to a revolt. Former misfortunes lay ſo heavily on their minds, that they rather choſe to ſuffer the moſt cruel bondage, than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed: whether by information, or from ſuſpicion, is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen ſoldier as a ſpy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once preſided. The account he gave of himſelf was by no means ſatisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character; wherefore,

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as the Saracens knew not their priſoner, and as they had no direct proofs againſt him, they were content with condemning him to be publickly whipt as a vagabond.

The execution of this ſentence was accordingly performed with the utmoſt rigour. Bidderman was bound to the poſt, the executioner ſeeming diſpoſed to add to the cruelty of the ſentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the ſcourge, the other, only redoubling his blows, cried out, *Does the villain murmur?* If Bidderman entreated but a moment's reſpite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, *Does the villain murmur?*

From this period, revenge as well as patriotiſm, took entire poſſeſſion of his ſoul. His fury ſtoop'd ſo low as to follow the executioner with unremitting reſentment. But conceiving that the beſt method to attain theſe ends, was to acquire ſome eminence in the city, he laid himſelf out to oblige its new maſters, ſtudied every art, and practiſed every meanneſs that ſerve to promote the needy, or render the poor pleaſing, and by theſe means, in a few years, he came to be of ſome note in the city, which juſtly belonged entirely to him.

The

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The executioner was, therefore, the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Biddeman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. They who are any way acquainted with the rigour of the Arabian laws, know that theft is punished with immediate death. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market place. As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him, most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment seat, bound with cords. The scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner, as he might lie most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposing every thing in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, and whispering in a low voice, assured him, that he himself was the very person that had once been used with so much cruelty;

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cruelty; that to his knowledge, he died very innocently, for the plate had been ſtolen by himſelf, and privately conveyed into the houſe of the other.

"O, my countrymen, cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man ſays?"——*Does the villain murmur?* replied Bidderman, and immediately, at one blow, ſevered his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a ſmall houſe adjoining to the town wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a baſket. In this unremitting labour, he continued ſeveral years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unſuſpected away. By this means he at laſt made a ſecret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy, in order to betray it. This opportunity, at length, offered; the French army came into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of ſitting down before a town which they conſidered as impregnable. Bidderman, however, ſoon altered their reſolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the General, he embraced it with ardour. Through the

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the private paſſage above-mentioned, he introduced a large body of the moſt reſolute ſoldiers, who ſoon opened the gates for the reſt, and the whole army ruſhing in, put every Saracen that was found to the ſword.

THE

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THE
Sagacity of ſome INSECTS.

To the AUTHOR of the BEE.

SIR,

ANIMALS, in general, are ſagacious in proportion as they cultivate ſociety. The elephant and the beaver ſhew the greateſt ſigns of this when united; but when man intrudes into their communities, they loſe all their ſpirit of induſtry, and teſtify but a very ſmall ſhare of that ſagacity, for which, when in a ſocial ſtate, they are ſo remarkable.

Among inſects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturaliſt; but their whole ſagacity is loſt upon ſeparation, and a ſingle bee or ant, ſeems deſtitute of every degree of induſtry, is the moſt ſtupid inſect imaginable, languiſhes for a time in ſolitude, and ſoon dies.

Of all the ſolitary inſects I have ever remarked, the ſpider is the moſt ſagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively conſidered them,

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them, ſeem almoſt to exceed belief. This inſect is formed by nature for a ſtate of war, not only upon other inſects, but upon each other. For this ſtate nature ſeems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breaſt are covered with a ſtrong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other inſect, and its belly is inveloped in a ſoft pliant ſkin, which eludes the ſting even of a waſp. Its legs are terminated by ſtrong claws, not unlike thoſe of a lobſter, and their vaſt length, like ſpears, ſerve to keep every aſſailant at a diſtance.

Not worſe furniſhed for obſervation than for an attack or a defence, it has ſeveral eyes, large, tranſparent, and covered with an horny ſubſtance, which, however, does not impede its viſion. Beſides this, it is furniſhed with a forceps above the mouth, which ſerves to kill or ſecure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furniſh'd; but its net to entangle the enemy ſeems what it chiefly truſts to, and what it takes moſt pains to render as complete as poſſible. Nature has furniſhed the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which proceeding from the anus, it ſpins into a thread coarſer or finer, as it chuſes to contract or dilate its ſphincter. In order to fix its

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ſphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a ſmall drop of its liquid againſt the wall, which hardening by degrees, ſerves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the firſt point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the ſpider has come to the place where the other end of the thread ſhould be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwiſe be too ſlack, it is ſtretched tightly, and fixed in the ſame manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it ſpins and fixes ſeveral threads parallel to each other, which, ſo to ſpeak, ſerve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it ſpins in the ſame manner its thread, tranſverſly fixing one end to the firſt thread that was ſpun, and which is always the ſtrongeſt of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All theſe threads, being newly ſpun, are glutinous, and therefore ſtick to each other wherever they happen to touch, and in thoſe parts of the web moſt expoſed to be torn, our natural artiſt ſtrengthens them, by doubling the threads ſometimes ſix fold.

Thus far naturaliſts have gone in the deſcription of this animal; what follows is the reſult of my own obſervation upon that ſpecies of the inſect called an *Houſe-Spider*. I perceived about

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four years ago, a large ſpider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom againſt the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its deſtruction, and I may ſay, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the inſect ſeemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traverſed it round, examined the ſtrength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The firſt enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger ſpider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhauſted all its ſtock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter enſued, in which the invader ſeemed to have the victory, and the laborious ſpider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor uſing every art to draw the enemy from his ſtrong hold. He ſeemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demoliſh the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious ſpider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagoniſt.

Now

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Now then, in peaceable poſſeſſion of what was juſtly its own, it waited three days with the utmoſt patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no ſuſtenance that I could perceive. At laſt, however, a large blue fly fell into the ſnare, and ſtruggled hard to get looſe. The ſpider gave it leave to entangle itſelf as much as poſſible, but it ſeemed to be too ſtrong for the cobweb. I muſt own I was greatly ſurprized when I ſaw the ſpider immediately ſally out, and in leſs than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was ſtopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was ſeized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious ſtate, and nature ſeemed to have fitted it for ſuch a life, for upon a ſingle fly it ſubſiſted for more than a week. I once put a waſp into the neſt, but when the ſpider came out in order to ſeize it as uſual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it inſtantly broke all the bands that held it faſt, and contributed all that lay in its power to diſengage ſo formidable an antagoniſt. When the waſp was at liberty, I expected the ſpider would have ſet about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but thoſe it ſeems were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely

tirely forſaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the uſual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a ſingle ſpider could furniſh, wherefore I deſtroyed this, and the inſect ſet about another. When I deſtroyed the other alſo, its whole ſtock ſeemed entirely exhauſted, and it could ſpin no more. The arts it made uſe of to ſupport itſelf, now deprived of its great means of ſubſiſtence, were indeed ſurprizing. I have ſeen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionleſs for hours together, but cautiouſly watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach ſufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often ſeize its prey.

Of this life, however, it ſoon began to grow weary, and reſolved to invade the poſſeſſion of ſome other ſpider, ſince it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at firſt was as vigorouſly repulſed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay ſiege to another's web for three days, and, at length, having killed the defendant, actually took poſſeſſion. When ſmaller flies happen to fall into the ſnare, the ſpider does not ſally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is ſure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, he terror of his appearance might give

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give the captive ſtrength ſufficient to get looſe: The manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent ſtruggles, the captive has waſted all its ſtrength, and then he becomes a certain and an eaſy conqueſt.

The inſect I am now deſcribing, lived three years; every year it changed its ſkin, and got a new ſet of legs. I have ſometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At firſt, it dreaded my approach to its web, but at laſt it became ſo familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this deſcription, it may be obſerved, that the male ſpider is much leſs than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they ſpread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If diſturbed in their holes, they never attempt to eſcape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are ſacrificed to their paternal affection.

As ſoon as ever the young one leave their artificial covering, they begin to ſpin, and almoſt

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ſenſibly ſeem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall too with good appetites; but they live ſometimes three or four days without any ſort of ſuſtenance, and yet ſtill continue to grow larger, ſo as every day to double their former ſize. As they grow old, however, they do not ſtill continue to encreaſe, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a ſpider becomes entirely ſtiff with age, and unable to ſeize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

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THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS.

IN every duty, in every ſcience in which we would wiſh to arrive at perfection, we ſhould propoſe for the object of our purſuit ſome certain ſtation even beyond our abilities; ſome imaginary excellence, which may amuſe and ſerve to animate our enquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we, perhaps, may never arrive at the wiſh'd-for object; yet it is poſſible we may meet ſeveral diſcoveries by the way; and the certainty of ſmall advantages, even while we travel with ſecurity, is not ſo amuſing as the hopes of great rewards, which inſpire the adventurer. *Evenit nonnunquam*, ſays Quintillian, *ut aliquid grande inveniat qui ſemper quærit quod nimium eſt.*

This enterpriſing ſpirit is, however, by no means the character of the preſent age; every perſon who ſhould now leave received opinions, who ſhould attempt to be more than a commen-

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tator upon philoſophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiſcovered, as utterly inſcrutable; and the writers of the laſt age inimitable, and therefore the propereſt models of imitation.

One might be almoſt induced to deplore the philoſophic ſpirit of the age, which in proportion as it enlightens the mind, encreaſes its timidity, and repreſſes the vigour of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right; which, though not the way to make new acquiſitions, it muſt be owned, is the beſt method of ſecuring what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expreſſion, though his friends may compliment him upon his ſagacity, though criticiſm liſts her feeble voice in his praiſe, will ſeldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire laſting eſteem, is not by the fewneſs of a writer's faults, but the greatneſs of his beauties, and our nobleſt works are generally moſt replete with both.

An author, who would be ſublime, often runs his thought into burleſque; yet I can readily pardon

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pardon his miſtaking ten times for once ſucceeding. True Genius walks along a line, and, perhaps, our greateſt pleaſure is in ſeeing it ſo often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every ſcience has its hitherto undiſcovered myſteries, after which men ſhould travel undiſcouraged by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt ſerves, perhaps, to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the Philoſopher's ſtone, but we ſhall probably hit upon new inventions in purſuing it. We ſhall, perhaps, never be able to diſcover the longitude, yet, pehaps, we may arrive at new truths in the inveſtigation.

Were any of theſe ſagacious minds among us, (and ſurely no nation, or no period, could ever compare with us in this particular) were any of thoſe minds, I ſay, who now ſit down contented with exploring the intricacies of another's ſyſtem, bravely to ſhake off admiration, and undazzled with the ſplendour of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themſelves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the reſult of their enquiries, ſhould the ſame ſtudy that has made them wiſe, make them enterprizing alſo? What could not ſuch qualities, united, produce? But ſuch is not the character

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of the Engliſh, while our neighbours of the continent launch out into the ocean of ſcience, without proper ſtores for the voyage, we fear ſhipwreck in every breeze, and conſume in port thoſe powers which might probably have weather'd every ſtorm.

Projectors in a ſtate are generally rewarded above their deſerts; projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himſelf entituled to laugh at their diſappointment; if right, men of ſuperior talents think their honour engaged to oppoſe, ſince every new diſcovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all, muſt be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no riſque, and we do little ſervice. Prudence and greatneſs are ever perſuading us to contrary purſuits. The one inſtructs us to be content with our ſtation, and to find happineſs in bounding every wiſh. The other impels us to ſuperiority, and calls nothing happineſs but rapture. The one directs to follow mankind, and to act and think with the reſt of the world. The other drives us from the crowd, and expoſes us as a mark to all the ſhafts of envy, or ignorance.

Nec minus periculum eſt magnæ famæ quam malæ. TACIT.

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The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, thoſe attending excellence generally paid in reverſion. In a word, the little mind who loves itſelf, will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and ſcorn the beaten road, from univerſal benevolence.

A CITY

A

City NIGHT-PIECE.

Ille dolet vere qui ſine teſte dolet. MART.

THE clock has ſtruck two, the expiring taper riſes and ſinks in the ſocket, the watchman forgets the hour in ſlumber, the laborious and the happy are at reſt, and nothing now wakes but guilt, revelry and deſpair. The drunkard once more fills the deſtroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the ſuicide lifts his guilty arm againſt his own ſacred perſon.

Let me no longer waſte the night over the page of antiquity, or the ſallies of cotemporary genius, but purſue the ſolitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours paſt, walked before me, where ſhe kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, ſeems huſhed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! the dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam, no ſound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the diſtant watch-dog. All the buſtle of human pride is forgotten, and this hour may well diſplay the emptineſs of human vanity.

There

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There may come a time when this temporary ſolitude may be made continual, and the city itſelf, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a deſart in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumph'd in exiſtence, had their victories as great as ours, joy as juſt, and as unbounded as we, and with ſhort-ſighted preſumption, promiſed themſelves immortality. Poſterity can hardly trace the ſituation of ſome. The ſorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others, and as he beholds, he learns wiſdom, and feels the tranſience of every ſublunary poſſeſſion.

Here ſtood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their ſenate-houſe, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres ſtood here, now only an undiſtinguiſhed heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice firſt made them feeble. The rewards of ſtate were conferred on amuſing, and not on uſeful members of ſociety. Thus true virtue languiſhed, their riches and opulence invited the plunderer, who, though once repulſed, returned again, and at laſt ſwept the defendants into undiſtinguiſhed deſtruction.

How few appear in thoſe ſtreets, which but ſome few hours ago were crowded; and thoſe who

who appear, no longer now wear their daily maſk, nor attempt to hide their lewdneſs or their miſery.

But who are thoſe who make the ſtreets their couch, and find a ſhort repoſe from wretchedneſs at the doors of the opulent? Theſe are ſtrangers, wanderers, and orphans, whoſe circumſtances are too humble to expect redreſs, and their diſtreſſes too great even for pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with diſeaſe; the world ſeems to have diſclaimed them; ſociety turns its back upon their diſtreſs, and has given them up to nakedneſs and hunger. Theſe poor ſhivering females, have once ſeen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been proſtituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the ſeverity of winter in the ſtreets. Perhaps now lying at the door of their betrayers they ſue to wretches whoſe hearts are inſenſible to calamity, or debauchees who may curſe, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet ſee the ſufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houſeleſs creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The ſlighteſt misfortunes, the moſt imaginary uneaſineſſes of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and engage our attention; while you weep unheeded, perſecuted by every ſubordinate ſpecies

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ſpecies of tyranny, and finding enmity in every law.

Why was this heart of mine formed with ſo much ſenſibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulſe! Tenderneſs, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the heart that feels it more wretched than the object which ſues for aſſiſtance.

But let me turn from a ſcene of ſuch diſtreſs to the ſanctified hypocrite, *who has been talking of virtue till the time of bed*, and now ſteals out, to give a looſe to his vices under the protection of midnight; vices more attrocious, becauſe he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with haſtening ſteps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has paſſed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected; may the morning riſe upon his ſhame: yet I wiſh to no purpoſe; villainy, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to impoſture.

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An ELEGY

On that GLORY of her SEX

Mrs. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam BLAIZE,
Who never wanted a good word——
From thoſe who ſpoke her praiſe.

The needy ſeldom paſs'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,——
Who left a pledge behind.

She ſtrove the neighbourhood to pleaſe,
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways,——
Unleſs when ſhe was ſinning.

At church, in ſilks and ſattins new,
With hoop of monſtrous ſize,
She never ſlumber'd in her pew,——
But when ſhe ſhut her eyes.

Her love was ſought, I do aver,
By twenty beaus and more;
The king himſelf has follow'd her,——
When ſhe has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut ſhort all;
The doctors found, when ſhe was dead,——
Her laſt diſorder mortal.

Let us lament, in ſorrow ſore,
For Kent-ſtreet well may ſay,
That had ſhe liv'd a twelve-month more,——
She had not dy'd to-day.

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The BEE.

NUMBER V.

SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1759.

Upon POLITICAL FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY has ever been eſteemed a virtue as well among Pagans as Chriſtians: There have been even heroes who have practiſed it. However, we muſt acknowledge, that it is too modeſt a virtue, or, if you will, too obſcure a one to be eſſential to heroiſm, few heroes have been able to attain to ſuch an height. Frugality agrees much better with politicks; it ſeems to be the baſe, the ſupport, and, in a word, ſeems to be the inſeparable companion of a juſt adminiſtration.

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However this be, there is not, perhaps, in the world a people leſs fond of this virtue than the Engliſh, and of conſequence there is not a nation more reſtleſs, more expoſed to the uneaſineſſes of life, or leſs capable of providing for particular happineſs. We are taught to deſpiſe this virtue from our childhood, our education is improperly directed, and a man who has gone through the politeſt inſtitutions, is generally the perſon who is leaſt acquainted with the wholeſome precepts of frugality. We every day hear the elegance of taſte, the magnificence of ſome, and the generoſity of others, made the ſubject of our admiration and applauſe. All this we ſee repreſented not as the end and recompenſe of labour and deſert, but as the actual reſult of genius, as the mark of a noble and exalted mind.

In the midſt of theſe praiſes beſtowed on luxury, for which elegance and taſte are but another name, perhaps it may be thought improper to plead the cauſe of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declamatory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dreſs, and of every other ſuperfluity to accuſtom themſelves, even with mechanic meanneſs, to the ſimple neceſſaries of life. Such ſort of inſtructions may appear antiquated; yet, however, they ſeem the foundations of all our virtues, and the moſt efficacious method of making mankind uſeful members of ſociety. Unhappily, however

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however, ſuch diſcourſes are not faſhionable among us, and the faſhion ſeems every day growing ſtill more obſolete, ſince the preſs, and every other method of exhortation, ſeems diſpoſed to talk of the luxuries of life as harmleſs enjoyments. I remember, when a boy, to have remarked, that thoſe who in ſchool wore the fineſt cloaths, were pointed at as being conceited and proud. At preſent, our little maſters are taught to conſider dreſs betimes, and they are regarded, even at ſchool, with contempt, who do not appear as genteel as the reſt. Education ſhould teach us to become uſeful, ſober, diſintereſted and laborious members of ſociety; but does it not at preſent point out a different path! It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to poſſeſs, in order to diſſipate, a greater charge to ourſelves, and more uſeleſs or obnoxious to ſociety.

If a youth happens to be poſſeſſed of more genius than fortune, he is early informed that he ought to think of his advancement in the world; that he ſhould labour to make himſelf pleaſing to his ſuperiors; that he ſhould ſhun low company; (by which is meant the company of his equals) that he ſhould rather live a little above than below his fortune; that he ſhould think of becoming great; but he finds none to admoniſh him to become frugal, to perſevere in one ſingle deſign, to

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avoid every pleaſure and all flattery, which, however, ſeeming to conciliate the favour of his ſuperiors, never conciliate their eſteem. There are none to teach him that the beſt way of becoming happy in himſelf, and uſeful to others, is to continue in the ſtate which fortune at firſt placed him, without making too haſty ſtrides to advancement; that greatneſs may be attained, but ſhould not be expected; and that they who moſt impatiently expect advancement, are ſeldom poſſeſſed of their wiſhes. He has few, I ſay, to teach him this leſſon, or to moderate his youthful paſſions, yet, this experience may ſay, that a young man, who but for ſix years of the early part of his life, could ſeem diveſted of all his paſſions, would certainly make, or conſiderably increaſe his fortune, and might indulge ſeveral of his favourite inclinations in manhood with the utmoſt ſecurity.

The efficaciouſneſs of theſe means are ſufficiently known and acknowledged; but as we are apt to connect a low idea with all our notions of frugality, the perſon who would perſuade us to it, might be accuſed of preaching up avarice.

Of all vices, however, againſt which morality diſſuades, there is not one more undetermined than this of avarice. Miſers are deſcribed by ſome, as men diveſted of honour, ſentiment or humanity;

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nity; but this is only an ideal picture, or the reſemblance at leaſt is found but in a few. In truth, they who are generally called miſers, are ſome of the very beſt members of ſociety. The ſober, the laborious, the attentive, the frugal, are thus ſtiled by the gay, giddy, thoughtleſs and extravagant. The firſt ſet of men do ſociety all the good, and the latter all the evil that is felt. Even the exceſſes of the firſt no way injure the commonwealth; thoſe of the latter are the moſt injurious that can be conceived.

The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular, were very far from thus miſplacing their admiration or praiſe; inſtead of regarding the practice of parſimony as low or vicious, they made it ſynonimous even with probity. They eſteemed thoſe virtues ſo inſeparable, that the known expreſſion of *Vir Frugi* ſignified, at one and the ſame time, a ſober and managing man, an honeſt man, and a man of ſubſtance.

The ſcriptures, in a thouſand places, praiſe œconomy; and it is every where diſtinguiſhed from avarice. But in ſpite of all its ſacred dictates, a taſte for vain pleaſures and fooliſh expence is the ruling paſſion of the preſent times. Paſſion did I call it, rather the madneſs which at once poſſeſſes the great and the little, the rich and the poor; even ſome are ſo intent upon acquiring the

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ſuperfluities of life, that they ſacrifice its neceſſaries in this fooliſh purſuit.

To attempt the entire abolition of luxury, as it would be impoſſible, ſo it is not my intent. The generality of mankind are too weak, too much ſlaves, to cuſtom and opinion, to reſiſt the torrent of bad example. But if it be impoſſible to convert the multitude; thoſe who have received a more extended education, who are enlightened and judicious, may find ſome hints on this ſubject uſeful. They may ſee ſome abuſes, the ſuppreſſion of which would by no means endanger public liberty; they may be directed to the abolition of ſome unneceſſary expences, which have no tendency to promote happineſs or virtue, and which might be directed to better purpoſes. Our fire-works, our public feaſts and entertainments, our entries of ambaſſadors, &c. what mummery all this; what childiſh pageants, what millions are ſacrificed in paying tribute to cuſtom, what an unneceſſary charge at times when we are preſſed with real want, which cannot be ſatisfied without burthening the poor?

Were ſuch ſuppreſſed entirely, not a ſingle creature in the ſtate would have the leaſt cauſe to mourn their ſuppreſſion, and many might be eaſed of a load they now feel lying heavily upon them. If this were put in practice, it would agree with the advice

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advice of a ſenſible writer of Sweden, who, in the Gazette de France, 1753, thus expreſſed himſelf on that ſubject. "It were ſincerely to be wiſhed, "ſays he, that the cuſtom were eſtabliſhed amongſt "us, that in all events which cauſe a publick joy, "we made our exultations conſpicuous only by "acts uſeful to ſociety. We ſhould then quickly "ſee many uſeful monuments of our reaſon, "which would much better perpetuate the me- "mory of things worthy of being tranſmitted to "poſterity, and would be much more glorious "to humanity than all theſe tumultuous prepara- "tions of feaſts, entertainments, and other re- "joicings uſed upon ſuch occaſions."

The ſame propoſal was long before confirmed by a Chineſe emperor, who lived in the laſt century, who, upon an occaſion of extraordinary joy, forbad his ſubjects to make the uſual illluminations, either with a deſign of ſparing their ſubſtance, or of turning them to ſome more durable indication of joy, more glorious for him, and more advantageous to his people.

After ſuch inſtances of political frugality, can we then continue to blame the Dutch ambaſſador at a certain court, who receiving, at his departure, the portrait of the king, enriched with diamonds, aſked what this fine thing might be worth? Being told that it might amount to about

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two thouſand pounds. "And why, cries he, can-"not his majeſty keep the picture, and give me "the money?" This ſimplicity may be ridiculed at firſt; but, when we come to examine it more cloſely, men of ſenſe will at once confeſs that he had reaſon in what he ſaid, and that a purſe of two thouſand guineas is much more ſerviceable than a picture.

Should we follow the ſame method of ſtate frugality in other reſpects, what numberleſs ſavings might not be the reſult! How many poſſibilities of ſaving in the adminiſtration of juſtice, which now burdens the ſubject, and enriches ſome members of ſociety, who are uſeful only from its corruption!

It were to be wiſhed, that they who govern kingdoms, would imitate artizans. When at London a new ſtuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France. How happy were it for ſociety, if a firſt miniſter would be equally ſolicitous to tranſplant the uſeful laws of other countries into his own. We are arrived at a perfect imitation of Porcelaine; let us endeavour to imitate the good to ſociety that our neighbours are found to practiſe, and let our neighbours alſo imitate thoſe parts of duty in which we excel.

There are ſome men, who, in their garden, attempt to raiſe thoſe fruits which nature has adapted

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adapted only to the ſultry climates beneath the line. We have at our very doors a thouſand laws and cuſtoms infinitely uſeful; theſe are the fruits we ſhould endeavour to tranſplant; theſe the exotics that would ſpeedily become naturalized to the ſoil. They might grow in every climate, and benefit every poſſeſſor.

The beſt and the moſt uſeful laws I have ever ſeen, are generally practiſed in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are firſt obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace makers*. If the parties come attended with an advocate or a ſolicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are deſirous of extinguiſhing.

The peace makers then begin adviſing the parties, by aſſuring them, that it is the height of folly to waſte their ſubſtance, and make themſelves mutually miſerable, by having recourſe to the tribunals of juſtice: Follow but our direction, and we will accommodate matters without any expence to either. If the rage of debate is too ſtrong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day, in order that time may ſoften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus ſent for twice or thrice; if their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law, and as we give up to amputation, ſuch members

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members as cannot be cured by art, juſtice is permitted to take its courſe.

It is unneceſſary to make here long declamations, or calculate what ſociety would ſave, were this law adopted. I am ſenſible, that the man who adviſes any reformation, only ſerves to make himſelf ridiculous. What! mankind will be apt to ſay, adopt the cuſtoms of countries that have not ſo much real liberty as our own, our preſent cuſtoms what are they to any man; we are very happy under them! This muſt be a very pleaſant fellow, who attempts to make us happier than we already are! Does he not know that abuſes are the patrimony of a great part of the nation. Why deprive us of a malady by which ſuch numbers find their account. This I muſt own is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numberleſs ſavings might there not be made in both arts and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exerciſing trade, without the neceſſary prerequiſites of freedom! Such uſeleſs obſtructions have crept into every ſtate, from a ſpirit of monopoly, a narrow ſelfiſh ſpirit of gain, without the leaſt attention to general ſociety. Such a clog upon induſtry frequently drives the poor from labour, and reduces them, by degrees, to a ſtate of hopeleſs indigence. We have already a more than ſufficient repugnance to labour; we ſhould by

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by no means encreaſe the obſtacles, or make excuſes in a ſtate for idleneſs. Such faults have ever crept into a ſtate, under wrong or needy adminiſtrations.

Excluſive of the maſters, there are numberleſs faulty expences among the workmen; clubs, garniſhes, freedoms, and ſuch like impoſitions, which are not too minute even for law to take notice of, and which ſhould be aboliſhed without mercy, ſince they are ever the inlets to exceſs and idleneſs, and are the parent of all thoſe outrages which naturally fall upon the more uſeful part of ſociety. In the towns and countries I have ſeen, I never ſaw a city or a village yet, whoſe miſeries were not in proportion to the number of its public houſes. In Rotterdam, you may go through eight or ten ſtreets without finding a public houſe. In Antwerp, almoſt every ſecond houſe ſeems an alehouſe. In the one city, all wears the appearance of happineſs and warm affluence; in the other, the young fellows walk about the ſtreets in ſhabby finery, their fathers ſit at the door derning or knitting ſtockings, while their ports are filled with dunghills.

Alehouſes are ever an occaſion of debauchery and exceſs, and either in a religious or political light, it would be our higheſt intereſt to have the greateſt part of them ſuppreſſed. They ſhould be put under

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der laws of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, and harbouring only proper perſons. Theſe rules, it may be ſaid, will diminiſh the neceſſary taxes; but this is falſe reaſoning, ſince what was conſumed in debauchery abroad, would, if ſuch a regulation took place, be more juſtly, and perhaps, more equitably for the workman's family, ſpent at home; and this cheaper to them, and without loſs of time. On the other hand, our alehouſes being ever open, interrupt buſineſs; the workman is never certain who frequents them, nor can the maſter be ſure of having what was begun, finiſhed at the convenient time.

An habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind is much more beneficial to ſociety than the unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker, the attorney, and other peſts of ſociety, might, by proper management, be turned into ſerviceable members; and, were their trades aboliſhed, it is poſſible the ſame avarice that conducts the one, or the ſame chicanery that characterizes the other, might, by proper regulations, be converted into frugality, and commendable prudence.

But ſome have made the eulogium of luxury, have repreſented it as the natural conſequence of every country that is become rich. Did we not employ our extraordinary wealth in ſuperfluities,

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ſay they, what other means would there be to employ it in? To which it may be anſwered, If frugality were eſtabliſhed in the ſtate, if our expences were laid out rather in the neceſſaries than the ſuperfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleaſures, but infinitely more happineſs. The rich and the great would be better able to ſatisfy their creditors; they would be better able to marry their children, and, inſtead of one marriage at preſent, there might be two, if ſuch regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which in reality contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended to, while the real calls of nature might he always and univerſally ſupplied. The difference of employment in the ſubject is what, in reality, produces the good of ſociety. If the ſubject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the neceſſaries muſt be deficient in proportion. If neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are ſet upon the productions of another, we encreaſe our wants, but not our means; and every new imported delicacy for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a tax upon the poor.

The true intereſt of every government is to cultivate the neceſſaries, by which is always meant every happineſs our own country can produce; and ſuppreſs all the luxuries, by which is meant,

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on the other hand, every happineſs imported from abroad. Commerce has therefore its bounds; and every new import, inſtead of encouragement, ſhould be firſt examined whether it be conducive to the intereſt of ſociety.

Among the many publications with which the preſs is every day burthened, I have often wondered why we never had, as in other countries, an Œconomical Journal, which might at once direct to all the uſeful diſcoveries in other countries, and ſpread thoſe of our own. As other journals ſerve to amuſe the learned, or what is more often the caſe, to make them quarrel, while they only ſerve to give us the hiſtory of the miſchievous world, for ſo I call our warriors; or the idle world, for ſo may the learned be called; they never trouble their heads about the moſt uſeful part of mankind, our peaſants and our artizans; were ſuch a work carried into execution with proper management and juſt direction, it might ſerve as a repoſitory for every uſeful improvement, and increaſe that knowledge which learning often ſerves to confound.

Sweden ſeems the only country where the ſcience of oeconomy ſeems to have fixed its empire. In other countries, it is cultivated only by a few admirers, or by ſocieties which have not received ſufficient

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ſufficient ſanction to become compleatly uſeful; but here there is founded a royal academy, deſtined to this purpoſe only, compoſed of the moſt learned and powerful members of the ſtate; an academy which declines every thing which only terminates in amuſement, erudition or curioſity, and admits only of obſervations tending to illuſtrate huſbandry, agriculture, and every real phyſical improvement. In this country nothing is left to private rapacity, but every improvement is immediately diffuſed, and its inventor immediately recompenſed by the ſtate. Happy were it ſo in other countries; by this means every impoſtor would be prevented from ruining or deceiving the publick with pretended diſcoveries or noſtrums, and every real inventor would not, by this means, ſuffer the inconveniences of ſuſpicion.

In ſhort, true œconomy, equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious, ſeems to be a juſt mean between both extremes; and to a tranſgreſſion of this, at preſent decried virtue, it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evils which infeſt ſociety. A taſte for ſuperfluity, amuſement, and pleaſure bring effeminacy, idleneſs, and expence in their train. But a thirſt of riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greateſt prodigal is too frequently found to be the greateſt miſer; ſo that the vices which ſeem the moſt oppoſite, are frequently

quently found to produce each other; and, to avoid both, it is only neceſſary to be frugal.

Virtus eſt medium duorum vitiorum et utrinque reductum. HOR.

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A

REVERIE.

SCARCE a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a month comes forward that is not loaded with invective against the writers of this. Strange, that our critics should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to these who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury.

Even though our present writers had not equal merit with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid them would be more agreeable, in proportion as they least deserved it. Tell a lady with an handsome face that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due; it is what she has heard a thousand times before from others, and disregards the compliment: but assure a lady, the cut of whose visage is something more plain, that she looks killing to-day, she instantly bridles up and feels the force of the well-timed flattery the whole day after. Compliments which we think are deserved, we only accept, as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience

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informs us we do not merit, we receive with the ſame gratitude that we do favours given away.

Our gentlemen, however, who preſide at the diſtribution of literary fame, ſeem reſolved to part with praiſe neither from motives of juſtice, or generoſity; one would think, when they take pen in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their ſeals to the pacquet which conſigns every new-born effort to oblivion.

Yet, notwithſtanding the republic of letters hangs at preſent ſo feebly together; though thoſe friendſhips which once promoted literary fame ſeem now to be diſcontinued; though every writer who now draws the quill ſeems to aim at profit, as well as applauſe, many among them are probably laying in ſtores for immortality, and are provided with a ſufficient ſtock of reputation to laſt the whole journey.

As I was indulging theſe reflections, in order to eke out the preſent page, I could not avoid purſuing the metaphor, of going a journey, in my imagination, and formed the following Reſverie too wild for allegory, and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myſelf placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of waggons and ſtage coaches, attended by fellows who

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who either invited the company to take their places, or were buſied in packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its inſcription, ſhewing the place of its deſtination. On one I could read, *The pleaſure ſtage-coach*; on another, *The waggon of induſtry*; on a third, *The vanity whim*; and on a fourth, *The landau of riches*. I had ſome inclination to ſtep into each of theſe, one after another; but I know not by what means I paſſed them by, and at laſt fixed my eye upon a ſmall carriage, Berlin faſhion, which ſeemed the moſt convenient vehicle at a diſtance in the world; and, upon my nearer approach, found it to be *The fame machine*.

I inſtantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an affable and ſeemingly good-natured fellow. He informed me, that he had but a few days ago returned from the temple of fame, to which he had been carrying Addiſon, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber. That they made but indifferent company by the way, and that he once or twice was going to empty his berlin of the whole cargo: however, ſays he, I got them all ſafe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr. Pope, and am now returned for another coachful. "If "that be all, friend, ſaid I, and if you are in "want of company, I'll make one with all my "heart. Open the door; I hope the machine "rides eaſy." "Oh! for that, ſir, extremely

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"easy." But still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, "Pray, sir, have you "no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured "sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have "got any luggage, and I never permit any to "travel with me but such as have something "valuable to pay for coach-hire." Examining my pockets, I own I was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff; but considering that I carried a number of the BEE under my arm, I was resolved to open it in his eyes, and dazzle him with the splendor of the page. He read the title and contents, however, without any emotion, and assured me he had never heard of it before. "In short, friend, said he, now losing all his "former respect, you must not come in. I ex-"pect better passengers; but, as you seem an "harmless creature, perhaps, if there be room "left, I may let you ride a while for charity."

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door, and since I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity, what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place, was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant

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inſtant admittance. The volubility of his motion and addreſs prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word Inſpector, which was written in great letters at the top of ſome of the papers. He opened the coach-door himſelf without any ceremony, and was juſt ſlipping in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pulled him back. Our figure ſeemed perfectly angry at this repulſe, and demanded gentleman's ſatisfaction. "Lord, ſir! replied the coachman, "inſtead of proper luggage, by your bulk you "ſeem loaded for a Weſt-India voyage. You are "big enough, with all your papers, to crack "twenty ſtage-coaches. Excuſe me, indeed, ſir, "for you muſt not enter." Our figure now began to expoſtulate; he aſſured the coachman, that though his baggage ſeemed ſo bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the ſmalleſt corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carriage of the inſpectors was ſent to dance back again, with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when, in a few minutes, the ſame figure changed his appearance, like harlequin upon the ſtage, and with the ſame confidence again made his approaches, dreſſed in lace, and carrying nothing but a noſegay. Upon coming near, he thruſt the noſegay to the coachman's noſe, graſped the braſs, and ſeemed now reſolved to enter by violence. I found the

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ſtruggle ſoon begin to grow hot, and the coachman, who was a little old, unable to continue the conteſt, ſo, in order to ingratiate myſelf, I ſtept in to his aſſiſtance, and our united efforts ſent our literary Proteus, though worſted, unconquered ſtill, clear off, dancing a rigadoon, and ſmelling to his own noſegay.

The perſon who after him appeared as candidate for a place in the ſtage, came up with an air not quite ſo confident, but ſomewhat however theatrical; and, inſtead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned, and deſired to ſee his baggage; upon which he inſtantly produced ſome farces, a tragedy, and other miſcellany productions. The coachman, caſting his eye upon the cargoe, aſſured him, at preſent he could not poſſibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aſpire to one, as he ſeemed to have read in the book of nature, without a careful peruſal of which none ever found entrance at the temple of fame. "What, "(replied the diſappointed poet) ſhall my tragedy, "in which I have vindicated the cauſe of liberty "and virtue!"——"Follow nature, (returned "the other) and never expect to find laſting "fame by topics which only pleaſe from their "popularity. Had you been firſt in the cauſe of "freedom, or praiſed in virtue more than an "empty name, it is poſſible you might have "gained

" gained admittance; but at preſent I beg, ſir, " you will ſtand aſide for another gentleman " whom I ſee approaching."

This was a very grave perſonage, whom at ſome diſtance I took for one of the moſt reſerved, and even diſagreeable figures I had ſeen; but as he approached, his appearance improved, and when I could diſtinguiſh him thoroughly, I perceived, that, in ſpite of the ſeverity of his brow, he had one of the moſt good-natured countenances that could be imagined. Upon coming to open the ſtage door, he lifted a parcel of folios into the ſeat before him, but our inquiſitorial coachman at once ſhoved them out again. " What, " not take in my dictionary! exclaimed the other " in a rage." " Be patient, ſir, (replyed the " coachman) I have drove a coach, man and " boy, theſe two thouſand years; but I do not " remember to have carried above one dictionary " during the whole time. That little book " which I perceive peeping from one of your " pockets, may I preſume to aſk what it con- " tains?" " A mere trifle, (replied the author) " it is called the Rambler." " The Rambler! " (ſays the coachman) I beg, ſir, you'll take " your place; I have heard our ladies in the " court of Apollo frequently mention it with " rapture; and Clio, who happens to be a little " grave, has been heard to prefer it to the

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"Spectator; though others have observed, that "the reflections, by being refined, sometimes "become minute."

This grave gentleman was scarce seated, when another, whose appearance was something more modern, seemed willing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He carried in his hand a bundle of essays, of which the coachman was curious enough to enquire the contents. "These (replied the "gentleman) are rhapsodies against the religion "of my country." "And how can you expect "to come into my coach, after thus chusing the "wrong side of the question." "Ay, but I "am right (replied the other;) and if you give "me leave, I shall in a few minutes state the "argument." "Right or wrong (said the "coachman) he who disturbs religion, is a "blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach "of mine." "If then (said the gentleman, "muttering up all his courage) if I am not to "have admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall "not be repulsed as an historian; the last volume "of my history met with applause." "Yes, "(replied the coachman) but I have heard only "the first approved at the temple of fame; "and as I see you have it about you, enter "without further ceremony." My attention was now diverted to a crowd, who were pushing forward a person that seemed more inclined to the

stage

stage coach of riches; but by their means he was driven forward to the same machine, which he, however, seemed heartily to despise. Impelled, however, by their sollicitations, he steps up, flourishing a voluminous history, and demanding admittance. "Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned (says the coachman), but never as an historian. Is there no other work upon which you may claim a place?" "None, replied the other, except a romance; "but this is a work of too trifling a nature to "claim future attention." "You mistake (says the "inquisitor) a well-written romance is no such "easy task as is generally imagined. I remem- "ber formerly to have carried Cervantes and Le- "grais, and if you think fit, you may enter." Upon our three literary travellers coming into the same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed discontented with his companions. Strange! thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world, should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and, by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding into opposite parties with them, they might throw a lustre upon

upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of ſubordinate merit, if not to admire, at leaſt not to avow diſlike.

In the midſt of theſe reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in, whoſe pretenſions I was ſenſible were very juſt, I therefore deſired him to ſtop, and take in more paſſengers; but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down; but that he ſhould take them all, one after the other, when he ſhould return. So he drove away, and, for myſelf, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the converſation on the way.

[*To be continued.*]

A Word or two on the late FARCE, CALLED HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

JUST as I had expected, before I ſaw this farce, I found it, formed on too narrow a plan to afford a pleaſing variety. The ſameneſs of the humour in every ſcene could not at laſt fail of being diſagreeable. The poor, affecting the manners of the rich, might be carried on thro' one

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one character or two at the moſt, with great propriety; but to have almoſt every perſonage on the ſcene almoſt of the ſame character, and reflecting the follies of each other, was unartful in the poet to the laſt degree.

The ſcene was alſo almoſt a continuation of the ſame abſurdity; and my Lord Duke and Sir Harry (two footmen who aſſume theſe characters) have nothing elſe to *do* but to talk like their maſters, and are only introduced to ſpeak, and to ſhew themſelves. Thus, as there is a ſameneſs of character, there is a barrenneſs of incident, which, by a very ſmall ſhare of addreſs, the poet might have eaſily avoided.

From a conformity to critic rules, which, perhaps, on the whole, have done more harm than good, our author has ſacrificed all the vivacity of the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his characters talk like ſervants, they are ſeldom abſurd enough, or lively enough, to make us merry. Though he is always natural, he happens ſeldom to be humorous.

The ſatire was well intended, if we regard it as being maſters ourſelves; but, probably, a philoſopher would rejoice in that liberty which Engliſhmen give their domeſtics; and, for my own part, I cannot avoid being pleaſed at the happineſs

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happineſs of thoſe poor creatures, who, in ſome meaſure, contribute to mine. The Athenians, the politeſt and beſt-natured people upon earth, were the kindeſt to their ſlaves; and if a perſon may judge, who has ſeen the world, our Engliſh ſervants are the beſt treated, becauſe the generality of our Engliſh gentlemen, are the politeſt under the ſun.

But not to lift my feeble voice among the pack of critics, who, probably, have no other occupation but that of cutting up every thing new. I muſt own, there are one or two ſcenes that are fine ſatire, and ſufficiently humorous; particularly the firſt interview between the two footmen, which, at once, ridicules the manners of the great, and the abſurdity of their imitators.

Whatever defects there might be in the compoſition, there were none in the action; in this the performers ſhewed more humour than I had fancied them capable of. Mr. Palmer and Mr. King were entirely what they deſired to repreſent; and Mrs. Clive (but what need I talk of her, ſince, without the leaſt exaggeration, ſhe has more true humour than any actor or actreſs upon the Engliſh or any other ſtage I have ſeen;) ſhe, I ſay, did the part all the juſtice it was capable of. And, upon the whole, a farce, which has only this to recommend it, that the author took his plan from the volume of nature, by the ſprightly manner in which it was performed, was, for one night, a tolerable entertainment. Thus much may

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may be said in its vindication, that people of fashion seemed more pleased in the representation than the subordinate ranks of people.

UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

EVERY age seems to have its favourite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle, and relieve the attention of the industrious. Happy the man who is born excellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the times he lives in. How many do we see, who might have excelled in arts or sciences, and who seem furnished with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, had the road not been already beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left for them, except trifles to discover, while others, of very moderate abilities, become famous, because happening to be first in the reigning pursuit.

Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste was not to compose new books, but to comment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that new books should be written, when there were so many of the Ancients, either not known, or not understood. It was not reasonable to attempt new conquests, while they had such an extensive region lying waste for want of cultivation. At that period, criticism and erudition were the reigning studies of the times; and he, who had only an inventive genius, might have languished

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languiſhed in hopeleſs obſcurity. When the writers of antiquity were ſufficiently explained and known, the learned ſet about imitating them: From hence proceeded the number of latin orators, poets and hiſtorians, in the reigns of Clement the ſeventh, and Alexander the ſixth. This paſſion for antiquity laſted for many years, to the utter excluſion of every other purſuit, till ſome began to find, that thoſe works which were imitated from nature, were more like the writings of antiquity, than even thoſe written in expreſs imitation. It was then modern language began to be cultivated with aſſiduity, and our poets and orators poured forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers become more numerous, it is natural for readers to become more indolent; from whence muſt neceſſarily ariſe a deſire of attaining knowledge with the greateſt poſſible eaſe. No ſcience or art offers its inſtruction and amuſement in ſo obvious a manner as ſtatuary and painting. From hence we ſee, that a deſire of cultivating thoſe arts generally attends the decline of ſcience. Thus the fineſt ſtatues, and the moſt beautiful paintings of antiquity preceded but a little the abſolute decay of every other ſcience. The ſtatues of Antoninus, Comodus, and their cotemporaries, are the fineſt productions of the chiſſel, and appeared but juſt before learning was deſtroyed by comment, criticiſm, and barbarous invaſions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the caſe with us at home. Our nobility are now more ſolicitous

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ſolicitous in patronizing painters and ſculptors than thoſe of any other polite profeſſion; and from the lord, who has his gallery, down to the 'prentice, who has his twopenny copper-plate, all are admirers of this art. The great, by their careſſes, ſeem inſenſible to all ather merit but that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from the excellence of the ſculptor than the writer.

How happy were it now, if men of real excellence in that profeſſion were to ariſe! Were the painters of Italy now to appear, who once wandered like beggars from one city to another, and produce their almoſt breathing figures, what rewards might they not expect! But many of them lived without rewards, and therefore rewards alone will never produce their equals. We have often found the great exert themſelves not only without promotion, but in ſpite of oppoſition. We have found them flouriſhing, like medicinal plants, in a region of ſavageneſs and barbarity, their excellence unknown, and their virtues unheeded.

They who have ſeen the paintings of Caravagio are ſenſible of the ſurpriſing impreſſion they make; bold, ſwelling, terrible to the laſt degree; all ſeem animated, and ſpeaks him among the foremoſt of his profeſſion; yet this man's fortune and his fame ſeemed ever in oppoſition to each other.

Unknowing how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city in the utmoſt indigence, and might truly be ſaid to paint for his bread.

Having

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Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on foot, his usual method of going his journeys down into the country, without either money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn by the way side. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravagio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the inkeeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity; he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage; and accordingly set out after Caravadgio, in order to bring him back. It was night-fall before he came up to the place, where the unfortunate Caravagio lay dead by the road side, overcome by fatigue, resentment and despair.

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The BEE.

NUMBER VI.

SATURDAY, November 10, 1759.

On EDUCATION.

To the AUTHOR of the BEE.

SIR,

AS few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet is it not a little surprizing, that it should have been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner? They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to the individual and to society, and have expatiated in

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the praiſe of what none have ever been ſo hardy as to call in queſtion.

Inſtead of giving us fine, but empty harangues, upon this ſubject, inſtead of indulging each his particular and whimſical ſyſtems, it had been much better if the writers on this ſubject had treated it in a more ſcientific manner, repreſſed all the ſallies of imagination, and given us the reſult of their obſervations with didactic ſimplicity. Upon this ſubject, the ſmalleſt errors are of the moſt dangerous conſequence; and the author ſhould venture the imputation of ſtupidity upon a topic, where his ſlighteſt deviations may tend to injure the riſing generation.

I ſhall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this ſubject, which have not been attended to by others, and ſhall diſmiſs all attempts to pleaſe, while I ſtudy only inſtruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at preſent educated is, ſome in free ſchools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding ſchools about town. The parent juſtly conſults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this, much more than a continuance in town. Thus far they are right; if there were a poſſibility of having even our free ſchools kept a little out of town, it would

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would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of, perhaps, the mind, as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found by experience, that they, who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said, that the boarding schools are preferable to free schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions; he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade. They still set up a boarding school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: Nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned schoolmasters; and more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people; could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it

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below the ſtate? is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the diſpoſal of their children in this particular? For the ſtate to take the charge of all its children, as in Perſia or Sparta, might at preſent be inconvenient; but ſurely, with great eaſe, it might caſt an eye to their inſtructors. Of all members of ſociety, I do not know a more uſeful, or a more honourable one, than a ſchool-maſter; at the ſame time that I do not ſee any more generally deſpiſed, or whoſe talents are ſo ill rewarded.

Were the ſalaries of ſchool maſters to be augmented from a diminution of uſeleſs ſine cures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people; a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other reſpects, term the wiſeſt and greateſt upon earth. But while I would reward the deſerving, I would diſmiſs thoſe utterly unqualified for their employment: In ſhort, I would make the buſineſs of a ſchool maſter every way more reſpectable, by encreaſing their ſalaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

There are already ſchool maſters appointed, and they have ſome ſmall ſalaries; but where at preſent there is but one ſchool maſter appointed, there ſhould at leaſt be two; and wherever the ſalary is at preſent twenty pounds, it ſhould be an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices

to

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to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children. Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that school masters in a state, are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But least the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is generally some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. *You give your child to be educated to a slave*, says a philosopher to a rich man; *Instead of one slave, you will then have two.*

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may

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depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys; the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniencies, where the master and ushers are men of learning, reputation and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world, and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true,

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true, a child is early made acquainted with ſome vices in a ſchool, but it is better to know theſe when a boy, than be firſt taught them when a man, for their novelty then may have irreſiſtible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them leſs money upon their uſual viſits, it would be much to their advantage, ſince it may juſtly be ſaid, that a great part of their diſorders ariſe from ſurfeit, *Plus occidit gula quam gladius.* And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that Mr. Locke, and ſome others, have adviſed that children ſhould be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardſhip, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent phyſician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our conſtitutions, but we have not preciſe ideas upon this ſubject.

We know, that among ſavages, and even among our peaſants, there are found children born with ſuch conſtitutions, that they croſs rivers by ſwimming, endure cold, thirſt, hunger, and want of ſleep, to a ſurprizing degree; that when they happen to fall ſick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to perſuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accuſtom

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ourſelves betimes to ſupport the ſame fatigues. But had theſe gentlemen conſidered firſt, that thoſe ſavages and peaſants are generally not ſo long lived as they who have led a more indolent life: Secondly, that the more laborious the life is, the leſs populous is the country. Had they conſidered, that what phyſicians call the *ſtamina vitæ*, by fatigue and labour, become rigid, and thus anticipate old age. That the number who ſurvive thoſe rude trials, bears no proportion to thoſe who die in the experiment. Had theſe things been properly conſidered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardſhips. Peter the Great, willing to enure the children of his ſeamen to a life of hardſhip, ordered that they ſhould only drink ſea water, but they unfortunately all died under the experiment.

But while I would exclude all unneceſſary labours, yet ſtill I would recommend temperance in the higheſt degree. No luxurious diſhes with high ſeaſoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little ſugared or ſalted proviſions as poſſible, though never ſo pleaſing; but milk, morning and night, ſhould be their conſtant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of thoſe ſlops that are uſually cooked by the miſtreſs of a boarding ſchool; beſides, it corrects any

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any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject, may make some boys when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society, for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him, no way injures the common wealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not encrease the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present; it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to

to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he at last became lord mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty; to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our school-masters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed it would be much more serviceable to their pupils than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they would afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phænomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. *Ut cum in forum venerarint existiment se in alium terrum orbem delatos.* We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express

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preſs it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the cauſes. But, inſtead of that, when boys begin natural philoſophy in colleges, they have not the leaſt curioſity for thoſe parts of the ſcience which are propoſed for their inſtruction; they have never before ſeen the phænomena, and conſequently have no curioſity to learn the reaſons. Might natural philoſophy, therefore, be made their paſtime in ſchool, by this means it would in college become their amuſement.

In ſeveral of the machines now in uſe, there would be ample field both for inſtruction and amuſement; the different ſorts of the phoſphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetiſm, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and thoſe upon elaſtic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none ſhould be called from play to ſee ſuch experiments but ſuch as thought proper. At firſt then it would be ſufficient if the inſtruments, and the effects of their combination, were only ſhewn; the cauſes ſhould be deferred to a maturer age, or to thoſe times when natural curioſity prompts us to diſcover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a ſpectator; when he is tired with wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he deſire to be made acquainted with the cauſes that create thoſe wonders.

What

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What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination; instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes

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becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurſes, footmen, and ſuch, ſhould therefore be driven away as much as poſſible. I was even going to add, that the mother herſelf ſhould ſtifle her pleaſure, or her vanity, when little maſter happens to ſay a good or a ſmart thing. Thoſe modeſt lubberly boys, who ſeem to want ſpirit, generally go through their buſineſs with more eaſe to themſelves, and more ſatisfaction to their inſtructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the ſtudy of rhetoric eſſential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleaſing, convinces, is generally deſtroyed by ſuch inſtitutions. Convincing eloquence, however, is infinitely more ſerviceable to its poſſeſſor than the moſt florid harangue or the moſt pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himſelf who underſtands his ſubject, and the language he ſpeaks in, will be more apt to ſilence oppoſition, than he who ſtudies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with ſounds, while our minds are deſtitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long inſtructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were ſo harmonious, as that they could be ſung as well as ſpoken. What a ridiculous figure muſt

muſt one of theſe gentlemen cut, thus meaſuring ſyllables, and weighing words, when he ſhould plead the cauſe of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens; the firſt harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and ſhewed them in what manner the temple ſhould be built; the other, who got up to ſpeak after him, only obſerved, that what his brother had ſpoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cauſe.

To teach men to be orators, is little leſs than to teach them to be poets; and for my part, I ſhould have too great a regard for my child, to wiſh him a manor only in a bookſeller's ſhop.

Another paſſion which the preſent age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the ſciences, muſic, the exerciſes, and painting. Thus the child ſoon becomes a *talker* in all, but a *maſter* in none. He thus acquires a ſuperficial fondneſs for every thing, and only ſhews his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his ſkill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, ſo the reader muſt not be ſurprized to find me once more addreſſing ſchoolmaſters on the preſent method

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method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would no be most strongly remembered? Boys, who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save him the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, tho' no schoolmaster, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem, to me, only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner; but perhaps loading him with trifling subtilties, which, at

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at a proper age, he muſt be at ſome pains to forget.

Whatever pains a maſter may take to make the learning of the langages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at firſt extreamly unpleaſant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, muſt be given as a taſk, not as an amuſement. Attempting to deceive children into inſtruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourſelves; and I know no paſſion capable of conquering a child's natural lazineſs but fear. Solomon has ſaid it before me; nor is there any more certain, tho' perhaps more diſagreeable truth, than the proverb in verſe, too well known to repeat on the preſent occaſion. It is very probable that parents are told of ſome maſters who never uſe the rod, and conſequeetly are thought the propereſt inſtructors for their children; but though tenderneſs is a requiſite quality in an inſtructor, yet there is too often the trueſt tenderneſs in well-timed correction.

Some have juſtly obſerved, that all paſſion ſhould be baniſhed on this terrible occaſion; but I know not, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few maſters are able to keep their temper whilſt they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was ſenſible of his own weakneſs in this reſpect, and conſequently had recourſe

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to the following expedient to prevent his paſſions from being engaged, yet at the ſame time adminiſter juſtice with impartiality. When ever any of his pupils committed a fault, he ſummoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next claſſes to him; his accuſers ſtood forth; he had a liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had a liberty of pleading againſt him: when found guilty by the pannel, he was conſigned to the footman, who attended in the houſe, who had previous orders to uſe his puniſhment with lenity. By this means the maſter took off the odium of puniſhment from himſelf; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the ſlighteſt intimacy, was placed in ſuch a light as to be ſhunned by every boy in ſchool.

And now I have gone thus far, perhaps you will think me ſome pedagogue, willing, by a well-timed puff, to encreaſe the reputation of his own ſchool; but ſuch is not the caſe. The regard I have for ſociety, for thoſe tender minds who are the objects of the preſent eſſay, ſuch are the only motives I have for offering thoſe thoughts, calculated not to ſurprize by their novelty, or the elegance of compoſition, but merely to remedy ſome defects which have crept into the preſent ſyſtem of ſchool education. If this letter ſhould be inſerted, perhaps I may trouble you, in my next, with ſome thoughts upon an univerſity education, not with an intent to exhauſt the ſubject, but to amend ſome few abuſes. I am, &c.

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ON THE CONTRADICTIONS OF THE WORLD.

FROM VOLTAIRE.

THE more we know of the world, the more we ſee of its abſurdities and contradictions. To begin with the grand ſeignior; he generally cuts off every head that diſpleaſes him, and can ſeldom preſerve his own.

If from the turk we make a natural tranſition to the pope, he confirms the election of emperors, he has even kings for vaſſals, yet is not ſo powerful as any one of their miniſters. He iſſues out orders for America and Africa; yet is not able to deprive even the little republic of Lucca of its privileges. The emperor is ſometimes king of the Romans; but his only privileges conſiſt in holding the pope's ſtirrup, and preſenting him with the baſon while he waſhes.

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The English serve their kings upon the knee; but they are often found to depose them, to imprison them, and bring some of them to the scaffold.

Bishops and monks, who make vows of poverty, in consequence of such vows receive immoderate incomes; and, by virtue of their professed humility, become despotic princes.

Men who are convicted of not conforming to the religion of their country, are burned in the market-place; while the second eclogue of Virgil, which contains the most shocking obscenities, is gravely commented upon and taught by those very strenuous asserters of the divinity.

If a poor philosopher, who imagines no mischief, should teach that the earth takes an annual revolution, or that all light proceeds from the sun, should he assert that matter may have several properties, which we are entirely unacquainted with, he is at once branded with impiety, and as a disturber of public tranquility; our modern philosophers are discouraged from delivering their sentiments, while the Tusculan questions of Cicero, and the works of Lucretius, which contain a compleat course of irreligion, are put into the hands of our youth, and cried up as models for imitation.

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Bayle, the ſceptic philoſopher, was perſecuted even in Holland. Le Vayer, a greater ſceptic, and a much inferior philoſopher, was conſtituted the king's preceptor. Nay, France has ſeen her ambaſſadors burnt in effigy in the ſtreets of Paris, and the very next day honoured with the royal inſtructions.

The famous atheiſt Spinoſa lived and died in peace. Vanini, who wrote only againſt Ariſtotle, was burnt as an atheiſt. With this appellation he is branded in all the hiſtories of the works of the learned, and biographical dictionaries. thoſe immenſe archives of folly and falſhood. Conſult any of theſe, and you will find that Vanini not only publickly taught atheiſm by his writings, but alſo that twelve of his diſciples left Naples with him, in order to aſſiſt in making proſelytes. After conſulting thoſe anecdotes, next conſult his own works, and you will be ſurpriſed to find them replete with proofs of the exiſtence of a God. He thus ſpeaks in his *Amphitheatrum*, a work equally condemned and unknown.

"God is the beginning and end, and the parent of all that was or will be; he always exiſts, "but not in time. To him the paſt has not fled, "and the future will not arrive. He reigns every-"where, without being in any place; motion-"leſs,

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"leſs, without being fixed; rapid, without paſ-
"ſing. He is all, and above all; he is in all,
"but without being confined; without all, but
"not excluded. Good, but without quality;
"great, but without quantity; entire, without
"parts; unchangeable, yet diverſified in every part
"of the univerſe. His will is his power, ſimple;
"there is no poſſibility with him, but all really is.
"In a word, being all, he is above all beings,
"being actually preſent, and exiſting in all."

After ſuch a confeſſion of faith, could we think it, Vanini was declared an atheiſt! What were the motives to condemn him? Nothing more than the bare depoſition of one Francon. In vain did his books bear witneſs to the falſhood of the depoſer; one ſingle enemy has coſt him his life, and tarniſhed his character through all Europe.

Should I continue to examine the contradictions which are to be found in the republic of letters, I might, perhaps, be obliged to write the hiſtory of all the ſcholars and the wits of the age. Should I extend my ſurvey to ſociety, I might be obliged to write the hiſtory of Europe. Should an Aſiatic come among us, what judgment could he form of our religion! Or would he not think that of Paganiſm ſtill continued! The days of the week ſtill retain the names of heathen deities, our

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churches are filled with the ſtatues of the gods of the ancients; and ſhould he ſometimes be a ſpectator at our theatres, he might miſtake the ſcene for a temple to their honour, and our aſſiduity for devotion.

In Spain, our Aſiatic would be ſurpriſed to find ſevere laws, which forbid ſtrangers carrying on any commerce to America; and yet he might ſee ſtrangers alone in poſſeſſion of that prohibited trade; and the Spaniards, in effect, no more than factors to others, whom they enrich, while they continue in poverty. How would he be ſurpriſed to find our actors ſtiled vagabonds by law, yet encouraged by the great, and kept company with as equals! He would find the preſs loaded with works which every one condemns, and yet all are eager to purchaſe. He would every where find our cuſtoms in oppoſition to our ſtatutes. He might probably laugh at our abſurdities; yet, ſhould we take a voyage into Aſia, we might ſee the ſame abſurdities practiſed with very little variation.

Men are every where equally fools; they have made laws in the ſame manner that breaches are repaired in the walls of a city. In one country, the elder ſons have all the fortune from the reſt; in another, the fortune is equally divided amongſt them all. At one time, the church commands duelling; at another, it excommunicates all who venture

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venture in ſingle combat. They have, at times, excommunicated the partizans and the oppoſers of Ariſtotle; thoſe who wore long hair, and thoſe who wore ſhort.

We have, in this world, but one inviolable body of law, which is never infringed; I mean the laws of gaming. Theſe never admit of exception, change, or ſubordination. If a man who was once a footman plays with a king, he is immediately paid, when he wins, without heſitation. Such is always the rule in this; in all other affairs, the ſword is the only law, where the ſtrong cut the weak into a thouſand pieces.

Notwithſtanding this, the world ſubſiſts as if all things were well ordered, and irregularity ſeems ſuited to our natures. Our political world reſembles our globe, a great regular irregularity. It would be folly to expect to ſee our mountains, ſeas, and rivers aſſume beautiful mathematical figures; it would ſtill be a greater folly to expect perfect wiſdom in ſociety.

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ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY GRANDEUR.

AN alehouſe-keeper, near Iſlington, who had long lived at the ſign of the French king, upon the commencement of the laſt war with France, pulled down his old ſign, and put up the queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden ſceptre, he continued to ſell ale, till ſhe was no longer the favourite of his cuſtomers; he changed her, therefore, ſome time ago, for the king of Pruſſia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that ſhall be ſet up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican, in this, imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures one after the other, to the gazing crowd beneath them. When we have ſufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which ſeldom holds its ſtation long; for the mob are ever pleaſed with variety.

I muſt own I have ſuch an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to ſuſpect that merit

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merit which raiſes their ſhout; at leaſt I am certain to find thoſe great, and ſometimes good men, who find ſatisfaction in ſuch acclamations, made worſe by it; and hiſtory has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been juſt evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townſmen buſy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been deſigned to repreſent himſelf. There were alſo ſome knocking down a neighbouring ſtatue of one of the Orſini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy, when taken down, in its place. It is poſſible a man who knew leſs of the world would have condemned the adulation of thoſe barefaced flatterers; but Alexander ſeemed pleaſed at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, *Vides mi fili quam leve diſcrimen palibulum inter et ſtatuum.* "You ſee, my "ſon, the ſmall difference between a gibbet and "a ſtatue. If the great could be taught any leſſon, this might ſerve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory ſtands, which is built upon popular applauſe; for as ſuch praiſe what ſeems like merit, they as quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular

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Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and, perhaps, at last, be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. *Pox take these fools* (he would say) *how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor.*

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps, the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues, are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than my judgment, and instead of making reflections by telling a story.

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A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius; who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior, even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Ilixofou. The bookseller assured him, he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What, have you "never heard of that immortal poet, (returned "the other, much surprized) that light of the "eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of "perfection. I suppose you know nothing of "the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the "moon?" "Nothing at all, indeed, Sir, "(returned the other.)" "Alas, (cries our "traveller) to what purpose, then, has one "of these fasted to death, and the other offered "himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartarean "enemy, to gain a renown which has never "travelled beyond the precincts of China."

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who

who oppoſes the deſigns of a prince, who would tyrannically force his ſubjects to ſave their beſt cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiſcovered property in the polype, deſcribes an unheeded proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole, and whoſe mind, like his microſcope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes ſmooth verſes, and paints to our imagination when he ſhould only ſpeak to our hearts, all equally fancy themſelves walking forward to immortality, and deſire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philoſopher and poet, are ſhouted in their train. Where was there ever ſo much merit ſeen; no times ſo important as our own; ages, yet unborn, ſhall gaze with wonder and applauſe! To ſuch muſic, the important pigmy moves forward, buſtling and ſwelling, and aptly compared to a *puddle in a ſtorm*.

I have lived to ſee generals who once had crowds halloing after them wherever they went, who were bepraiſed by news papers and magazines, thoſe echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long ſunk into merited obſcurity, with ſcarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring fiſhery employed all Grub-ſtreet; it was the topic in every coffee-houſe, and the burthen of every ballad. We were to drag up *oceans* of gold from the bottom of the ſea; we were

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were to ſupply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At preſent, we hear no more of all this. We have fiſhed up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furniſh the world with herrings, as was expected. *Let us wait but a few years longer, and we ſhall find all our expectations an herring fiſhery.*

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ACADEMIES of ITALY.

THERE is not, perhaps, a country in Europe, in which learning is so fast upon the decline as in Italy; yet not one in which there are such a number of academies instituted for its support. There is scarce a considerable town in the whole country, which has not one or two institutions of this nature, where the learned, as they are pleased to call themselves, meet to harangue, to compliment each other, and praise the utility of their institution.

Jarchius has taken the trouble to give us a list of those clubs, or academies, which amount to five hundred and fifty, each distinguished by somewhat whimsical in the name. The academicians of Bologna, for instance, are divided into the Abbandonati, the Ausiosi, Ociosio, Arcadi Confusi, Dubbiosi, &c. There are few of these who have not published their transactions, and scarce a member who is not looked upon as the most famous man in the world, at home.

Of all those societies, I know of none whose works are worth being known out of the precincts of the city in which they were written, except the

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the Cicalata Academica (or, as we might express it, the tickling society) of Florence. I have just now before me a manuscript oration, spoken by the late Tomaso Crudeli, at that society, which will, at once, serve to give a better picture of the manner in which men of wit amuse themselves in that country, than any thing I could say upon the occasion. The oration is this:

"The younger the nymph, my dear companions, the more happy the lover. From fourteen to seventeen, you are sure of finding love for love; from seventeen to twenty one, there is always a mixture of interest and affection. But when that period is past, no longer expect to receive, but to buy. No longer expect a nymph who gives, but who sells her favours. At this age, every glance is taught its duty; not a look, not a sigh, without design; the lady, like a skilful warrior, aims at the heart of another, while she shields her own from danger.

On the contrary, at fifteen, you may expect nothing but simplicity, innocence and nature. The passions are then sincere; the soul seems seated in the lips; the dear object feels present happiness, without being anxious for the future; her eyes brighten if her lover approaches; her smiles are borrowed from the graces, and her very mistakes seem to complete her desires.

Lucretia was just sixteen. The rose and lilly took possession of her face, and her bosom, by its hue and its coldness, seemed covered with

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ſhow. So much beauty, and ſo much virtue, ſeldom want admirers. Orlandino, a youth of ſenſe and merit, was among the number. He had long languiſhed for an opportunity of declaring his paſſion, when Cupid, as if willing to indulge his happineſs, brought the charming young couple by mere accident to an arbour, where every prying eye, but that of love, was abſent. Orlandino talked of the ſincerity of his paſſion, and mixed flattery with his addreſſes; but it was all in vain. The nymph was pre-engaged, and had long devoted to heaven thoſe charms for which he ſued. "My dear Orlandino, ſaid ſhe, you "know I have long been dedicated to St. Cathe- "rine, and to her belongs all that lies below my "girdle; all that is above, you may freely poſ- "ſeſs, but farther I cannot, muſt not, comply. "The vow is paſſed; I wiſh it were undone, "but now it is impoſſible." You may conceive, my companions, the embarraſſment our young lovers felt upon this occaſion. They kneeled to St. Catherine, and though both deſpaired, both implored her aſſiſtance. Their tutelar ſaint was entreated to ſhew ſome expedient, by which both might continue to love, and yet both be happy. Their petition was ſincere. St. Catherine was touched with compaſſion; for lo, a miracle! Lucretia's girdle unlooſed, as if without hands; and though before bound round her middle, fell ſpontaneouſly down to her feet, and gave Orlandino the poſſeſſion of all thoſe beauties which lay above it."

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The BEE.

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Of ELOQUENCE.

OF all kinds of ſucceſs, that of an orator is the moſt pleaſing. Upon other occaſions, the applauſe we deſerve is conferred in our abſence, and we are inſenſible of the pleaſure we have given; but in eloquence, the victory and the triumph are inſeparable. We read our own glory in the face of every ſpectator, the audience is moved, the antagoniſt is defeated, and the whole circle burſts into unſolicited applauſe.

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The rewards which attend excellence in this way are so pleasing, that numbers have written professed treatises to teach us the art; schools have been established with no other intent; rhetoric has taken place among the institutions, and pedants have ranged under proper heads, and distinguished with long learned names, *some* of the strokes of nature, or of passion, which orators have used. I say only *some* for a folio volume could not contain all the figures which have been used by the truly eloquent, and scarce a good speaker or writer, but makes use of some that are peculiar or new.

Eloquence has preceded the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before grammar. Nature renders men eloquent in great interests, or great passions. He that is sensibly touched, sees things with a very different eye from the rest of mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of comparison and metaphor, without attending to it; he throws life into all, and inspires his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It has been remarked, that the lower parts of mankind generally express themselves most figuratively, and that tropes are found in the most ordinary forms of conversation. Thus, in every language, the heart burns; the courage is rouzed; the

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the eyes ſparkle; the ſpirits are caſt down; paſſion enflames; pride ſwells, and pity ſinks the ſoul. Nature, every where, ſpeaks in thoſe ſtrong images, which, from their frequency, paſs unnoticed.

Nature it is which inſpires thoſe rapturous enthuſiaſms, thoſe irreſiſtible turns; a ſtrong paſſion, a preſſing danger, calls up all the imagination, and gives the orator irreſiſtible force. Thus, a captain of the firſt caliphs, ſeeing his ſoldiers fly, cried out, "Whither do you run? the enemy "are not there! You have been told that the "caliph is dead; but God is ſtill living. He "regards the brave, and will reward the courageous. Advance!"

A man, therefore, may be called eloquent, who tranſfers the paſſion or ſentiment with which he is moved himſelf, into the breaſt of another; and this definition appears the more juſt, as it comprehends the graces of ſilence, and of action. An intimate perſuaſion of the truth to be proved, is the ſentiment and paſſion to be transferred; and he who effects this, is truly poſſeſſed of the talent of eloquence.

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art, as ſo many rhetoricians have done, as art is acquired by exerciſe and ſtudy, and eloquence is

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the gift of nature. Rules will never make either a work or a diſcourſe eloquent; they only ſerve to prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties; to prevent thoſe paſſages which are truly eloquent, and dictated by nature from being blended with others, which might diſguſt, or, at leaſt, abate our paſſion.

What we clearly conceive, (ſays Boileau) we can clearly expreſs. I may add, that what is felt with emotion, is expreſſed alſo with the ſame movements; the words ariſe as readily to paint our emotions, as to expreſs our thoughts with perſpicuity. The cool care an orator takes to expreſs paſſions which he does not feel, only prevents his riſing into that paſſion he would ſeem to feel. In a word, to feel your ſubject thoroughly, and to ſpeak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence, properly ſo called, which I can offer. Examine a writer of genius on the moſt beautiful parts of his work, and he will always aſſure you that ſuch paſſages are generally thoſe which have given him the leaſt trouble, for they came as if by inſpiration. To pretend that cold and didactic precepts will make a man eloquent, is only to prove that he is incapable of eloquence.

But, as in being perſpicuous, it is neceſſary to have a full idea of the ſubject, ſo in being eloquent,

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quent, it is not ſufficient, if I may ſo expreſs it, to feel by halves. The orator ſhould be ſtrongly impreſſed, which is generally the effects of a fine and exquiſite ſenſibility, and not that tranſient and ſuperficial emotion, which he excites in the greateſt part of his audience. It is even impoſſible to affect the hearers in any great degree, without being affected ourſelves. In vain it will be objected, that many writers have had the art to inſpire their readers with a paſſion for virtue, without being virtuous themſelves; ſince it may be anſwered, that ſentiments of virtue filled their minds at the time they were writing. They felt the inſpiration ſtrongly, while they praiſed juſtice, generoſity, or good nature; but, unhappily for them, theſe paſſions might have been diſcontinued, when they laid down the pen. In vain will it be objected again, that we can move without being moved, as we can convince, without being convinced. It is much eaſier to deceive our reaſon than ourſelves; a trifling defect in reaſoning, may be overſeen, and lead a man aſtray; for it requires reaſon and time to detect the falſhood, but our paſſions are not ſo eaſily impoſed upon, our eyes, our ears, and every ſenſe, is watchful to detect the impoſture.

No diſcourſe can be eloquent, that does not elevate the mind. Pathetic eloquence, it is true, has for its only object to affect; but I appeal to

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men of ſenſibility, whether their pathetic feelings are not accompanied with ſome degree of elevation. We may then call eloquence and ſublimity the ſame thing, ſince it is impoſſible to be one, without feeling the other. From hence it follows, that we may be eloquent in any language, ſince no language refuſes to paint thoſe ſentiments with which we are thoroughly impreſſed. What is uſually called ſublimity of ſtile, ſeems to be only an error. Eloquence is not in the words, but in the ſubject, and in great concerns, the more ſimply any thing is expreſſed, it is generally the more ſublime. True eloquence does not conſiſt, as the rhetoricians aſſure us, in ſaying great things in a ſublime ſtyle, but in a ſimple ſtyle; for there is, properly ſpeaking, no ſuch thing as a ſublime ſtyle, the ſublimity lies only in the things; and when they are not ſo, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

What can be more ſimply expreſſed, than the following extract from a celebrated preacher, and yet what was ever more ſublime? Speaking of the ſmall number of the elect, he breaks out thus among his audience: "Let me ſuppoſe that "this was the laſt hour of us all; that the heavens "were opening over our heads; that time was "paſſed, and eternity begun; that Jeſus Chriſt in "all his glory, that man of ſorrows in all his "glory, appeared on the tribunal, and that we "were

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"were assembled here to receive our final decree "of life or death eternal! Let me ask, im- "pressed with terror like you, and not separating "my lot from yours, but putting myself in the "same situation in which we must all one day "appear before God, our judge. Let me ask, "if Jesus Christ should now appear to make the "terrible separation of the just from the unjust, "do you think the greatest nnmber would be "saved? Do you think the number of the elect "would even be equal to that of the sinners? "Do you think, if all our works were examined "with justice, would he find ten just persons in "this great assembly? Monsters of ingratitude "would he find one?" Such passages as these, are sublime in every language. The expression may be less striking, or more indistinct, but the greatness of the idea still remains. In a word, we may be eloquent in every language and in every style, since elocution is only an assistant, but not a constitutor of eloquence.

Of what use, then, will it be said, are all the precepts given us upon this head, both by the antients and moderns? I answer, that they cannot make us eloquent, but they will certainly prevent us from becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand faults. The true method of an orator, is not to attempt always to move, always to affect,

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to be continually ſublime, but at proper intervals to give reſt both to his own and the paſſions of his audience. In theſe periods of relaxation, or of preparation rather, rules may teach him to avoid any thing low, trivial, or diſguſting. Thus criticiſm, properly ſpeaking, is intended not to aſſiſt thoſe parts which are ſublime, but thoſe which are naturally mean and humble, which are compoſed with coolneſs and caution, and where the orator rather endeavours not to offend, than attempts to pleaſe.

I have hitherto inſiſted more ſtrenuouſly on that eloquence which ſpeaks to the paſſions, as it is a ſpecies of oratory almoſt unknown in England. At the bar it is quite diſcontinued, and I think with juſtice. In the ſenate, it is uſed but ſparingly, as the orator ſpeaks to enlightened judges. But in the pulpit, in which the orator ſhould chiefly addreſs the vulgar, it ſeems ſtrange, that it ſhould be entirely laid aſide.

The vulgar of England are without exception, the moſt barbarous and the moſt unknowing of any in Europe. A great part of their ignorance may be chiefly aſcribed to their teachers, who, with the moſt pretty gentleman-like ſerenity, deliver their cool diſcourſes, and addreſs the reaſon of men, who have never reaſoned in all their lives. They are told of cauſe and effect, of beings ſelf exiſtent,

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exiſtent; and the univerſal ſcale of beings. They are informed of the excellence of the Bangorian controverſy, and the abſurdity of an intermediate ſtate. The ſpruce preacher reads his lucubration without lifting his noſe from the text, and never ventures to earn the ſhame of an enthuſiaſt.

By this means, though his audience feel not one word of all he ſays, he earns, however, among his acquaintance, the character of a man of ſenſe; among his acquaintance only did I ſay, nay, even with his biſhop.

The polite of every country have ſeveral motives to induce them to a rectitude of action; the love of virtue for its own ſake, the ſhame of offending, and the deſire of pleaſing. The vulgar have but one, the enforcements of religion; and yet thoſe who ſhould puſh this motive home to their hearts, are baſely found to deſert their poſt. They ſpeak to the ſquire, the philoſopher, and the pedant; but the poor, thoſe who really want inſtruction, are left uninſtructed.

I have attended moſt of our pulpit orators, who, it muſt be owned, write extremely well upon the text they aſſume. To give them their due alſo, they read their ſermons with elegance and propriety, but this goes but a very ſhort way in true eloquence. The ſpeaker muſt be moved.

In

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In this, in this alone, our Engliſh divines are deficient. Were they to ſpeak to a few calm diſpaſſionate hearers, they certainly uſe the propereſt methods of addreſs; but their audience is chiefly compoſed of the poor, who muſt be influenced by motives of reward and puniſhment, and whoſe only virtues lie in ſelf-intereſt or fear.

How then are ſuch to be addreſſed; not by ſtudied periods, or cold diſquiſitions; not by the labours of the head, but the honeſt ſpontaneous dictates of the heart. Neither writing a ſermon with regular periods and all the harmony of elegant expreſſion; neither reading it with emphaſis, propriety, and deliberation; neither pleaſing with metaphor, ſimile, or rhetorical fuſtian; neither arguing coolly, and untying conſequences united in *a priori*, nor bundling up inductions *a poſteriori*; neither pedantic jargon, nor academical trifling, can perſuade the poor; writing a diſcourſe coolly in the cloſet, then getting it by memory, and delivering it on Sundays, even that will not do. What then is to be done? I know of no expedient to ſpeak; to ſpeak at once intelligibly, and feelingly, except to underſtand the language. To be convinced of the truth of the object; to be perfectly acquainted with the ſubject in view, to prepoſſeſs yourſelf with a low opinion of your audience, and to do the reſt extempore. By this means ſtrong expreſſions, new thoughts, riſing

paſſions,

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paſſions, and the true declamatory ſtyle, will naturally enſue.

Fine declamation does not conſiſt in flowery periods, delicate alluſions, or muſical cadences; but in a plain, open, looſe ſtile, where the periods are long and obvious; where the ſame thought is often exhibited in ſeveral points of view; all this, ſtrong ſenſe, a good memory, and a ſmall ſhare of experience, will furniſh to every orator; and without theſe a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of ſound ſenſe; he may make his hearers admire his underſtanding, but will ſeldom enlighten theirs.

When I think of the Methodiſt preachers among us, how ſeldom they are endued with common ſenſe, and yet how often and how juſtly they affect their hearers, I cannot avoid ſaying within myſelf, had theſe been bred gentlemen, and been endued with even the meaneſt ſhare of underſtanding, what might they not effect! Did our biſhops, who can add dignity to their expoſtulations, teſtify the ſame fervour, and *entreat* their hearers, as well as *argue*, what might not be the conſequence! The vulgar, by which I mean the bulk of mankind, would then have a double motive to love religion, firſt from ſeeing its profeſſors honoured here, and next from the conſequences hereafter

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after. At preſent, the enthuſiaſms of the poor are oppoſed to law; did law conſpire with their enthuſiaſms, we ſhould not only be the happieſt nation upon earth, but the wiſeſt alſo.

Enthuſiaſm in religion, which prevails only among the vulgar, ſhould be the chief object of politics. A ſociety of enthuſiaſts, governed by reaſon among the great, is the moſt indiſſoluble, the moſt virtuous, and the moſt efficient of its own decrees that can be imagined. Every country that has any degree of ſtrength, have had their enthuſiaſms, which ever ſerve as laws among the people. The Greeks had their *Kalokagathia*, the Romans their *Amor Patriæ*, and we the truer and firmer bond of the *Proteſtant religion*. The principle is the ſame in all; how much then is it the duty of thoſe whom the law has appointed teachers of this religion to enforce its obligations, and to raiſe thoſe enthuſiaſms among people, by which alone political ſociety can ſubſiſt.

From eloquence, therefore, the morals of our people are to expect emendation; but how little can they be improved, by men who get into the pulpit rather to ſhew their parts, than convince us of the truth of what they deliver, who are painfully correct in their ſtile, muſical in their tones, where every ſentiment, every expreſſion, ſeems the reſult of meditation and deep ſtudy.

Tillotſon

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Tillotſon has been commended as the model of pulpit eloquence; thus far he ſhould be imitated, where he generally ſtrives to convince, rather than to pleaſe: but to adopt his long, dry, and ſometimes tedious diſcuſſions, which ſerve to amuſe only divines, and are utterly neglected by the generality of mankind, to praiſe the intricacy of his periods, which are too long to be ſpoken, to continue his cool phlegmatic manner of enforcing every truth, is certainly erroneous. As I ſaid before, the good preacher ſhould adopt no model, write no ſermons, ſtudy no periods; let him but underſtand his ſubject, the language he ſpeaks, and be convinced of the truths he delivers. It is amazing to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach! This is that eloquence the ancients repreſented as lightning, bearing down every oppoſer; this the power which has turned whole aſſemblies into aſtoniſhment, admiration, and awe, that is deſcribed by the torrent, the flame, and every other inſtance of irreſiſtible impetuoſity.

But to attempt ſuch noble heights, belongs only to the truly great, or the truly good. To diſcard the lazy manner of reading ſermons, or ſpeaking ſermons by rote; to ſet up ſingly againſt the oppoſition of men who are attached to their own errors, and to endeavour to be great, inſtead of being prudent, are qualities we ſeldom

ſee

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ſee united. A miniſter of the church of England, who may be poſſeſſed of good ſenſe, and ſome hopes of preferment, will ſeldom give up ſuch ſubſtantial advantages for the empty pleaſure of improving ſociety. By his preſent method he is liked by his friends, admired by his dependants, not diſpleaſing to his biſhop; he lives as well, eats and ſleeps as well, as if a real orator, and an eager aſſerter of his miſſion; he will hardly, therefore, venture all this to be called, perhaps, an enthuſiaſt; nor will he depart from cuſtoms eſtabliſhed by the brotherhood, when, by ſuch a conduct, he only ſingles himſelf out for their contempt.

Custom

CUSTOM and LAWS compared.

WHAT, ſay ſome, can give us a more contemptible idea of a large ſtate than to find it moſtly governed by cuſtom; to have few written laws, and no boundaries to mark the juriſdiction between the ſenate and people? Among the number who ſpeak in this manner is the great Monteſquieu, who aſſerts that every nation is free in proportion to the number of its written laws, and ſeems to hint at a deſpotic and arbitrary conduct in the preſent king of Pruſſia, who has abridged the laws of his country into a very ſhort compaſs.

As Tacitus and Monteſquieu happen to differ in ſentiment upon a ſubject of ſo much importance (for the Roman expreſly aſſerts, that the ſtate is generally vicious in proportion to the number of its laws) it will not be amiſs to examine it a little more minutely, and ſee whether a ſtate, which, like England, is burdened with a multiplicity of written laws, or which, like Switzerland, Geneva, and ſome other republics, is governed by cuſtom, and the determination of the judge is beſt.

And to prove the ſuperiority of cuſtom to written law, we ſhall at leaſt find hiſtory conſpiring.

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ſpiring. Cuſtom, or the traditional obſervance of the practice of their forefathers, was what directed the Romans, as well in their public as private determinations. Cuſtom was appealed to in pronouncing ſentence againſt a criminal, where part of the formulary was *more majorum.* So Saluſt, ſpeaking of the expulſion of Tarquin, ſays, *mutato more*, and not *lege mutata*; and Virgil, *paciſque imponere morem.* So that, in thoſe times of the empire in which the people retained their liberty, they were governed by cuſtom; when they ſunk under oppreſſion and tyranny, they were reſtrained by new laws, and the laws of tradition aboliſhed.

As getting the ancients on our ſide is half a victory, it will not be amiſs to fortify the argument with an obſervation of Chryſoſtom's: *That the enſlaved are the fitteſt to be governed by laws, and free men by cuſtom.* Cuſtom partakes of the nature of parental injunction; it is kept by the people themſelves, and obſerved with a willing obedience. The obſervance of it muſt, therefore, be a mark of freedom, and coming originally to a ſtate from the reverenced founders of its liberty, will be an encouragement and aſſiſtance to it in the defence of that bleſſing; but a conquered people, a nation of ſlaves, muſt pretend to none of this freedom, or theſe happy diſtinctions, having, by degeneracy, loſt all right to

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their brave forefathers free inſtitutions, their maſters will in policy take the forfeiture; and the fixing a conqueſt muſt be done by giving laws which may every moment ſerve to remind the people enſlaved of their conquerors, nothing being more dangerous than to truſt a late-ſubdued people with old cuſtoms, that preſently upbraid their degeneracy, and provoke them to revolt.

The wiſdom of the Roman republic, in their veneration for cuſtom, and backwardneſs to introduce a new law, was perhaps the cauſe of their long continuance, and of the virtues of which they have ſet the world ſo many examples. But to ſhew in what that wiſdom conſiſts, it may be proper to obſerve, that the benefit of new written laws are merely confined to the conſequences of their obſervance; but cuſtomary laws, keeping up a veneration for the founders, engage men in the imitation of their virtues, as well as policy. To this may be aſcribed the religious regard the Romans paid to their forefathers memory, and their adhering for ſo many ages to the practice of the ſame virtues, which nothing contributed more to efface than the introduction of a voluminous body of new laws over the neck of venerable cuſtom.

The ſimplicity, conciſeneſs, and antiquity of cuſtom gives an air of majeſty and immutability

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that inſpires awe and veneration; but new laws are too apt to be voluminous, perplexed, and indeterminate; from whence muſt neceſſarily ariſe neglect, contempt, and ignorance.

As every human inſtitution is ſubject to groſs imperfections, ſo laws muſt neceſſarily be liable to the ſame inconveniences, and their defects ſoon diſcovered. Thus, through the weakneſs of one part, all the reſt are liable to be brought into contempt. But ſuch weakneſſes in a cuſtom, for very obvious reaſons, evade an examination; beſides, a friendly prejudice always ſtands up in their favour.

But let us ſuppoſe a new law to be perfectly equitable and neceſſary; yet, if the procurers of it have betrayed a conduct that confeſſes bye-ends and private motives, the diſguſt to the circumſtances diſpoſes us, unreaſonably indeed, to an irreverence of the law itſelf; but we are indulgently blind to the moſt viſible imperfections of an old cuſtom. Though we perceive the defects ourſelves, yet we remain perſuaded that our wiſe forefathers had good reaſons for what they did; and though ſuch motives no longer continue, the benefit will ſtill go along with the obſervance, though we don't know how. It is thus the Roman lawyers ſpeak, *Non omnium quæ a majoribus conſtituta ſunt ratio reddi poteſt, et ideo rationes eorum*

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eorum quæ conſtituuntur inquiri non oportet, alia quin multa ex his quæ certa ſint ſubvertuntur.

Thoſe laws which preſerve to themſelves the greateſt love and obſervance, muſt needs be beſt; but cuſtom, as it executes itſelf, muſt be neceſſarily ſuperior to written laws in this reſpect, which are to be executed by another. Thus nothing can be more certain than that numerous written laws are a ſign of a degenerate community, and are frequently not the conſequence of vicious morals in a ſtate, but the cauſes.

From hence we ſee how much greater benefit it would be to the ſtate rather to abridge than encreaſe its laws. We every day find them encreaſing; acts and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and loading the ſubject with new penalties.

Laws ever encreaſe in number and ſeverity, until they at length are ſtrained ſo tight as to break themſelves. Such was the caſe of the latter empire, whoſe laws were at length become ſo ſtrict, that the barbarous invaders did not bring ſervitude but liberty.

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OF THE

PRIDE and LUXURY

OF THE

Middling CLASS of PEOPLE.

OF all the follies and abſurdities which this great metropolis labours under, there is not one, I believe, at preſent, appears in a more glaring and ridiculous light than the pride and luxury of the middling claſs of people; their eager deſire of being ſeen in a ſphere far above their capacities and circumſtances, is daily, nay hourly inſtanced by the prodigious numbers of mechanics, who flock to the races, and gaming-tables, brothels, and all public diverſions this faſhionable town affords.

You ſhall ſee a grocer, or a tallow-chandler ſneak from behind the compter, clap on a laced coat and a bag, fly to the E. O. table, throw away fifty pieces with ſome ſharping man of quality, while his induſtrious wife is ſelling a penny-worth of ſugar, or a pound of candles, to ſupport her faſhionable ſpouſe in his extravagances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure, which happened to me the other day at Epſom

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ſom races, where I went, not through any deſire, I do aſſure you, of laying betts, or winning thouſands; but at the earneſt requeſt of a friend who had long indulged the curioſity of ſeeing the ſport, very natural for an Engliſhman. When we had arrived at the courſe, and had taken ſeveral turns to obſerve the different objects that made up this whimſical groupe, a figure ſuddenly darted by us, mounted and dreſſed in all the elegance of thoſe polite gentry who come to ſhew you they have a little money, and rather than pay their juſt debts at home, generouſly come abroad to beſtow it on gamblers and pickpockets. As I had not an opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back, when, to my no ſmall ſurpriſe, I beheld, in this gay Narciſſus, the viſage of Jack Varniſh, an humble vender of prints. Diſguſted at the ſight, I pulled my friend by the ſleeve, preſſed him to return home, telling him all the way, that I was ſo enraged at the fellow's impudence, I was reſolved never to lay out another penny with him.

And now, pray ſir, let me beg of you to give this a place in your paper, that Mr. Varniſh may underſtand he miſtakes the thing quite, if he imagines horſe-racing commendable in a tradeſman; and that he who is revelling every night in the arms of a common ſtrumpet (though

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bleſſed with an indulgent wife) when he ought to be minding his buſineſs, will never thrive in this world. He will find himſelf ſoon miſtaken, his finances decreaſe, his friends ſhun him, cuſtomers fall off, and himſelf thrown into a Gaol. I would earneſtly recommend this adage to every mechanic in London, "Keep your ſhop, and your ſhop "will keep you." A ſtrict obſervance of theſe words will, I am ſure, in time, gain them eſtates. Induſtry is the road to wealth, and honeſty to happineſs; and he who ſtrenuouſly endeavours to purſue them both, may never fear the critic's laſh, or the ſharp cries of penury and want.

SABINUS

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SABINUS and OLINDA.

IN a fair, rich and flouriſhing country, whoſe cliffs are waſhed by the German ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conqueſt wherever he thought proper; but the conſtancy of his diſpoſition fixed him only with Olinda. He was, indeed, ſuperior to her in fortune, but that defect on her ſide was ſo amply ſupplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than ſhe. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a ſhort time, by joining hands publickly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the ſhafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unſafe, how deteſtable, are they, who have this fury for their guide. How certainly will it lead them from themſelves, and plunge them in errors they would have ſhuddered at, even in apprehenſion. Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly eſteemed by him, imagined herſelf ſlighted, and injuriouſly treated, ſince his marriage with Olinda. By uncautiouſly ſuffering this jealouſy to corrode in her breaſt, ſhe began to give a looſe to paſſion; ſhe forgot thoſe many virtues, for which ſhe had been ſo long, and ſo juſtly ap-

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plauded. Cauſeleſs ſuſpicion, and miſtaken reſentment, betrayed her, into all the gloom of diſcontent; ſhe ſighed without ceaſing; the happineſs of others gave her intolerable pain; ſhe thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what ſhe was, the chearful, the prudent, the compaſſionate Ariana!

She continually laboured to diſturb an union ſo firmly, ſo affectionately founded, and planned every ſcheme which ſhe thought moſt likely to diſturb it.

Fortune ſeemed willing to promote her unjuſt intentions; the circumſtances of Sabinus had been long embarraſſed by a tedious law-ſuit, and the court determining the cauſe unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it ſunk his fortune to the loweſt pitch of penury from the higheſt affluence. From the nearneſs of relationſhip, Sabinus expected from Ariana thoſe aſſiſtances his preſent ſituation required; but ſhe was inſenſible to all his entreaties, and the juſtice of every remonſtrance, unleſs he firſt ſeparated from Olinda, whom ſhe regarded with deteſtation. Upon a compliance with her deſires in this reſpect, ſhe promiſed her fortune, her intereſt, and her all, ſhould be at his command. Sabinus was ſhocked at the propoſal; he loved his wife with inexpreſſible tenderneſs, and refuſed thoſe offers with indignation which were

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were to be purchaſed at ſo high a price, Ariana was no leſs diſpleaſed to find her offers rejected, and gave a looſe to all that warmth which ſhe had long endeavoured to ſuppreſs. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel roſe to ſuch a height, that Sabinus was marked for deſtruction; and the very next day, upon the ſtrength of an old family debt, he was ſent to gaol, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miſeries. In this manſion of diſtreſs they lived together with reſignation and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domeſtic concern. Their fellow priſoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a deſire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying thoſe little comforts that a priſon affords, Sabinus and Olinda were ſure to be of the party. Inſtead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedneſs, they both lightened it, by bearing each a ſhare of the load impoſed by providence. Whenever Sabinus ſhewed the leaſt concern on his dear partner's account, ſhe conjured him by the love he bore her, by thoſe tender ties which now united them for ever, not to diſcompoſe himſelf. That, ſo long as his affection laſted, ſhe defied all the [illegible] of fortune, and every loſs of fame or friendſhip. That nothing could make her miſerable, but his ſeeming to want happineſs; nothing pleaſed, but his ſympathiſing with her pleaſure. A continuance

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ance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favour of a very distant relation, and who was now in another country, might be easily procured, and burnt, in which case, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow; for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had, therefore, begun to reflect, and to wonder, how she could, so long, and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She

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She had, from the next room, herſelf heard the reception given to the meſſenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of ſuperior virtue; ſhe, therefore, reaſſumed her former goodneſs of heart; ſhe came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the ſeverity of her former treatment. She beſtowed her firſt care in providing them all the neceſſary ſupplies, and acknowledged them as the moſt deſerving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happineſs with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendſhip and aſſiſtance of Ariana, who dying ſoon after, left them in poſſeſſion of a large eſtate, and, in her laſt moments, confeſſed that virtue was the only path to true glory; and that, however innocence may for a time be depreſſed, a ſteady perſeverence will, in time, lead it to a certain victory.

THE

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THE SENTIMENTS OF A FRENCHMAN ON THE TEMPER of the ENGLISH.

NOTHING is ſo uncommon among the Engliſh, as that eaſy affability, that inſtant method of acquaintance, or that chearfulneſs of diſpoſition, which make in France the charm of every ſociety. Yet, in this gloomy reſerve, they ſeem to pride themſelves, and think themſelves leſs happy, if obliged to be more ſocial. One may aſſert, without wronging them, that they do not ſtudy the method of going through life with pleaſure and tranquility, like the French. Might not this be a proof that they are not ſo much philoſophers as they imagine? Philoſophy is no more than the art of making ourſelves happy; that is, of ſeeking pleaſure in regularity, and reconciling what we owe to ſociety with what is due to ourſelves.

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This chearfulneſs, which is the characteriſtic of our nation in the eye of an Engliſhman, paſſes almoſt for folly. But is their gloomineſs a greater mark of their wiſdom? and folly againſt folly is not the moſt chearful ſort the beſt. If our gaiety makes them ſad, they ought not to find it ſtrange, if their ſeriouſneſs makes us laugh.

As this diſpoſition to levity is not familiar to them, and as they look on every thing as a fault which they do not find at home, the Engliſh, who live among us, are hurt by it. Several of their authors reproach us with it as a vice, or at leaſt as a ridicule.

Mr. Addiſon ſtiles us a comic nation. In my opinion it is not acting the philoſopher on this point, to regard as a fault, that quality which contributes moſt to the pleaſure of ſociety and happineſs of life. Plato, convinced that whatever makes men happier, makes them better, adviſes to neglect nothing that may excite and convert to an early habit, this ſenſe of joy in children. Seneca places it in the firſt rank of good things. Certain it is, at leaſt, that gaiety may be a concomitant of all ſorts of virtue, but that there are ſome vices with which it is incompatible.

As

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As to him who laughs at every thing, and him who laughs at nothing, neither of them has found judgment. All the difference I find between them is, that the laſt is conſtantly the moſt unhappy. Thoſe who ſpeak againſt chearfulneſs, prove nothing elſe, but that they were born melancholic, and that in their hearts they rather envy than condemn that levity they affect to deſpiſe.

The Spectator, whoſe conſtant object was the good of mankind in general, and of his own nation in particular, ſhould, according to his own principles, place chearfulneſs among the moſt deſirable qualities; and, probably, whenever he contradicts himſelf in this particular, it is only to conform to the tempers of the people whom he addreſſes. He aſſerts, that gaiety is one great obſtacle to the prudent conduct of women. But are thoſe of a melancholic temper, as the Engliſh women generally are, leſs ſubject to the foibles of love? I am acquainted with ſome doctors in this ſcience, to whoſe judgment I would more willingly refer, than to his. And, perhaps, in reality, perſons naturally of a gay temper, are too eaſily taken off by different objects, to give themſelves up to all the exceſſes of this paſſion.

Mr.

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Mr. Hobbes, a celebrated philoſopher of his nation, maintains, that laughing proceeds from our pride alone. This is only a paradox if aſſerted of laughing in general, and only argues that miſanthropical diſpoſition for which he was remarkable.

To bring the cauſes he aſſigns, for laughing, under ſuſpicion, it is ſufficient to remark, that proud people are commonly thoſe who laugh leaſt. Gravity is the inſeparable companion of pride. To ſay that a man is vain, becauſe the humour of a writer, or the buffooneries of an harlequin, excite his laughter, would be advancing a great abſurdity. We ſhould diſtinguiſh between laughter, inſpired by joy, and that which ariſes from mockery. The malicious ſneer is improperly called laughter. It muſt be owned, that pride is the parent of ſuch laughter as this; but this is in itſelf vicious; whereas, the other ſort has nothing in its principles or effects that deſerves condemnation. We find this amiable in others, and is it unhappineſs to feel a diſpoſition towards it in ourſelves?

When I ſee an Engliſhman laugh, I fancy I rather ſee him hunting after joy, than having caught it; and this is more particularly remarkable in their women, whoſe tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on

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on their countenance than a flaſh of lightning on the face of the heavens. The moſt laughing air is inſtantly ſucceeded by the moſt gloomy. One would be apt to think that their ſouls open with difficulty to joy, or at leaſt that joy is not pleaſed with its habitation there.

In regard to fine raillery, it muſt be allowed, that it is not natural to the Engliſh, and therefore thoſe who endeavour at it make but an ill figure. Some of their authors have candidly confeſſed, that pleaſantry is quite foreign to their character; but, according to the reaſon they give, they loſe nothing by this confeſſion. Biſhop Sprat gives the following one: "The Engliſh (ſays he) have too "much bravery to ſubmit to be derided, and "too much virtue and honour to mock others

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The BEE.

NUMBER VIII.

SATURDAY, *November* 24, 1759.

On DECEIT and FALSHOOD.

THE following account is so judiciously conceived, that I am convinced the reader will be more pleased with it, than with any thing of mine, so I shall make no apology for this new publication.

To the AUTHOR, &c.

SIR,

DECEIT and falshood have ever been an over-match for truth, and followed and admired by the majority of mankind. If we enquire after the reason of this, we shall find it

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in our own imaginations, which are amused and entertained with the perpetual novelty and variety that fiction affords, but find no manner of delight in the uniform simplicity of homely truth, which still sues them under the same appearance.

He, therefore, that would gain our hearts, must make his court to our fancy, which being sovereign comptroller of the passions, lets them loose, and enflames them more or less, in proportion to the force and efficacy of the first cause, which is ever the more powerful the more new it is. Thus, in mathematical demonstrations themselves, though they seem to aim at pure truth and instruction, and to be addressed to our reason alone, yet I think it is pretty plain, that our understanding is only made a drudge to gratify our invention and curiosity, and we are pleased not so much because our discoveries are certain, as because they are new.

I do not deny but the world is still pleased with things that pleased it many ages ago, but it should at the same time be considered, that man is naturally so much of a logician, as to distinguish between matters that are plain and easy, and others that are hard and inconceivable. What we understand, we overlook and despise, and what we know nothing of, we hug and delight in. Thus there are such things as perpetual novelties;

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velties; for we are pleaſed no longer than we are amazed, and nothing ſo much contents us as that which confounds us.

This weakneſs in human nature, gave occaſion to a party of men to make ſuch gainful markets as they have done of our credulity. All objects and facts whatever, now ceaſed to be what they had been for ever before, and received what make and meaning it was found convenient to put upon them: What people eat, and drank, and ſaw, was not what they eat, and drank, and ſaw, but ſomething farther, which they were fond of, becauſe they were ignorant of it. In ſhort, nothing was itſelf, but ſomething beyond itſelf; and by theſe artifices and amuſements, the heads of the world were ſo turned and intoxicated, that, at laſt, there was ſcarce a ſound ſet of brains left in it.

In this ſtate of giddineſs and infatuation it was no very hard taſk to perſuade the already deluded, that there was an actual ſociety and communion between human creatures and ſpiritual dæmons. And when they had thus put people into the power and clutches of the devil, none but *they alone* could have either ſkill or ſtrength to bring the priſoners back again.

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But so far did they carry this dreadful drollery, and so fond were they of it, that to maintain it and themselves in profitable repute, they literally sacrificed for it, and made impious victims of numberless old women, and other miserable persons, who either through ignorance could not say what they were bid to say, or, through madness, said what they should not have said. Fear and stupidity made them incapable of defending themselves, and frenzy and infatuation made them confess *guilty impossibilities*, which produced cruel sentences, and then inhuman executions.

Some of these wretched mortals finding themselves either hateful or terrible to all, and befriended by none, and, perhaps, wanting the common necessaries of life, came at last, to abhor themselves as much as they were abhorred by others, and grew willing to be burnt or hanged out of a world, which was no other to them than a scene of persecution and anguish.

Others, of strong imaginations and little understandings, were by positive and repeated charges against them, of committing mischievous and supernatural facts and villainies, *deluded* to judge of themselves by the judgment of their enemies, whose weakness or malice prompted them to be accusers. And many have been condemned as witches and dealers with the devil, for no other reason

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reaſon but their knowing more than thoſe who accuſed, tried, and paſſed ſentence upon them.

In theſe caſes, credulity is a much greater error than infidelity, and it is ſafer to believe nothing than too much. A man that believes little or nothing of witchcraft, will deſtroy nobody for being under the imputation of it; and ſo far he certainly acts with humanity to others, and ſafety to himſelf: But he that credits all, or too much, upon that article, is obliged, if he acts conſiſtently with his perſuaſion, to kill all thoſe whom he takes to be the killers of mankind; and ſuch are witches. It would be a jeſt and a contradiction to ſay, that he is for ſparing them who are harmleſs of that tribe, ſince the received notion of their ſuppoſed contract with the devil, implies that they are engaged by covenant and inclination to do all the miſchief they poſſibly can.

I have heard many ſtories of witches, and read many accuſations againſt them, but I do not remember any that would have induced me to have conſigned over to the halter or the flame, any of thoſe deplorable wretches, who, as they ſhare our likeneſs and nature, ought to ſhare our compaſſion, as perſons cruelly accuſed of impoſſibilities.

But we love to delude ourſelves, and often fancy or forge an effect, and then ſet ourſelves as

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gravely, as ridiculously, to find out the cause. Thus, for example, when a dream or the hyp has given us false terrors, or imaginary pains, we immediately conclude, that the infernal tyrant owes us a spite, and inflicts his wrath and stripes upon us, by the hands of some of his sworn servants amongst us. For this end an old woman is promoted to a seat in *Satan*'s privy council, and appointed his executioner in chief, within her district. So ready and civil are we to allow the devil the dominion over us, and even to provide him with butchers and hangmen of our own make and nature.

I have often wondered why we did not, in chusing our proper officers for *Belzebub*, lay the lot rather upon men than women, the former being more bold and robust, and more equal to that bloody service; but, upon enquiry, I find it has been so ordered for two reasons; first, the men having the whole direction of this affair, are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar; and, secondly, an old woman is grown by custom the most avoided and most unpitied creature under the sun, the very name carrying contempt and satire in it. And so far, indeed, we pay but an uncourtly sort of respect to *Satan* in sacrificing to him nothing but the dry sticks of human nature.

We

We have a *wondering quality* within us, which finds huge gratification when we see strange feats done, and cannot at the same time see the doer, or the cause. Such actions are sure to be attributed to some witch or daemon; for if we come to find they are slily performed by artists of our own species, and by causes purely natural, our delight dies with our amazement.

It is therefore one of the most unthankful offices in the world, to go about to expose the mistaken notions of witchcraft and spirits; it is robbing mankind of a valuable imagination, and of the privilege of being deceived. Those who at any time undertook the task, have always met with rough treatment and ill language for their pains, and seldom escaped the imputation of atheism, because they would not allow the devil to be too powerful for the Almighty. For my part, I am so much a heretick as to believe, that God Almighty, and not the devil, governs the world.

If we enquire what are the common marks and symptoms by which witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor creatures were burnt and hanged, who unhappily fell under that name.

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In the firſt place, the old woman muſt be prodigious ugly; her eyes hollow and red, her face ſhrivelled; ſhe goes double, and her voice trembles. It frequently happens, that this rueful figure frightens a child into the palpitation of the heart: Home he runs, and tells his mamma, that goody ſuch a one looked at him, and he is very ill. The good woman cries out, her dear baby is bewitched, and ſends for the parſon and the conſtable.

It is moreover neceſſary, that ſhe be very poor. It is true, her maſter *Satan* has mines and hidden treaſures in his gift; but no matter, ſhe is for all that very poor, and lives on alms. She goes to *Siſly* the cook maid for a diſh of broth, or the heel of a loaf, and *Siſly* denies them to her. The old woman goes away muttering, and, perhaps, in leſs than a month's time *Siſly* hears the voice of a cat, and ſtrains her ancles, which are certain ſigns that ſhe is bewitched.

A farmer ſees his cattle die of the murrain, and the ſheep of the rot, and poor goody is forced to be the cauſe of their death, becauſe ſhe was ſeen talking to herſelf the evening before ſuch an ewe departed, and had been gathering ſticks at the ſide of the wood where ſuch a cow run mad.

The

The old woman has always for her companion an old grey cat, which is a disguised devil too, and confederate with goody in works of darkness. They frequently go journies into *Egypt* upon a broom-staff, in half an hour's time, and now and then goody and her cat change shapes. The neighbours often over-hear them in deep and solemn discourse together, plotting some dreadful mischief, you may be sure.

There is a famous way of trying witches, recommended by king *James* I. The old woman is tied hand and foot, and thrown into the river, and if she swims she is guilty, and taken out and burnt; but if she is innocent, she sinks, and is *only* drowned.

The witches are said to meet their master frequently in churches and church-yards. I wonder at the boldness of *Satan* and his congregation, in revelling and playing mountebank farces on consecrated ground; and I have as often wondered at the oversight and ill policy of some people in allowing it possible.

It would have been both dangerous and impious to have treated this subject at one certain time in this ludicrous manner. It used to be managed with all possible gravity, and even terror; and, indeed, it was made a tragedy in all its parts, and

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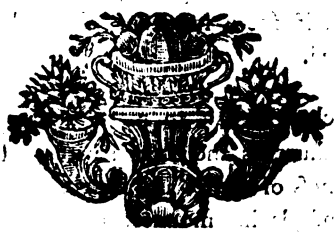
and thousands were sacrificed, or rather murdered, by such evidence and colours, as, Gods be thanked, we are at this day ashamed of. An old woman may be *miserable now*, and not be *hanged* for it.



AN

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE of England.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity, rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only, when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation, and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X. in Italy, is confessed to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Lewis XIV. but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of Queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I. and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give

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give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or ſome years before that period. It was then that taſte was united to genius, and, as before, our writers charmed with their ſtrength of thinking, ſo then they pleaſed with ſtrength and grace united. In that period of Britiſh glory, though no writer attracts our attention ſingly, yet, like ſtars loſt in each others brightneſs, they have caſt ſuch a luſtre upon the age in which they lived, that their minuteſt tranſactions will be attended to by poſterity with a greater eagerneſs than the moſt important occurrences of even empires, which have been tranſacted in greater obſcurity.

At that period there ſeemed to be a juſt balance between patronage and the preſs. Before it, men were little eſteemed whoſe only merit was genius; and ſince, men who can prudently be content to catch the public, are certain of living without dependance. But the writers of the period of which I am ſpeaking, were ſufficiently eſteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by bookſellers, to ſet them above independance. Fame conſequently then was the trueſt road to happineſs; a ſedulous attention to the mechanical buſineſs of the day makes the preſent never-failing reſource.

The age of Charles II. which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality, produced

ſome

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ſome writers that at once ſerved to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The King himſelf had a large ſhare of knowledge, and ſome wit, and his courtiers were generally men who had been brought up in the ſchool of affliction and experience. For this reaſon, when the ſunſhine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a looſe to pleaſure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance. Hence, it became more enervated, and was daſhed with quaintneſſes which gave the public writings of thoſe times a very illiberal air.

Leſtrange, who was by no means ſo bad a a writer as ſome have repreſented him, was ſunk in party faction, and having generally the worſt ſide of the argument, often had recourſe to ſcolding, pertneſs, and, conſequently, a vulgarity that diſcovers itſelf even in his more liberal compoſitions. He was the firſt writer who regularly enliſted himſelf under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the eſteem of Cromwell himſelf, and the papers he wrote even juſt before the revolution, almoſt with the rope about his neck, have his uſual characters of impudence and perſeverance. That he was a ſtandard-writer cannot be diſowned, becauſe a great many very eminent authors formed their ſtile by his. But his

ſtandard

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ſtandard was far from being a juſt one; though, when party conſiderations are ſet aſide, he certainly was poſſeſſed of elegance, eaſe and perſpicuity.

Dryden, though a great and indiſputed genius, had the ſame caſt as Leſtrange. Even his plays diſcover him to be a party-man, and the ſame principle infects his ſtile in ſubjects of the lighteſt nature; but the Engliſh tongue, as it ſtands at preſent, is greatly his debtor. He firſt gave it regular harmony, and diſcovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addiſons, who ſucceeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never ſhould have known a Pope, at leaſt in the meridian luſtre he now diſplays. But Dryden's excellencies, as a writer, were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his proſe writings an eaſe and elegance that have never yet been ſo well united in works of taſte or criticiſm.

The Engliſh language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakeſpeare, the greateſt genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion juſt as it riſes from the ſoul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, and to have lived in great diſtreſs. When

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When he died, (which he did in an obscure house near the Minories) he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller. I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of Lestrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in.

Lee had a great command of language, and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe, in particular, seems to have caught that manner, though, in all other respects, inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it. Immorality has its cant as well as party, and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party-spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horse-laugh following ribaldry, was the highest instance of applause, the chastity as well as energy of diction being overlooked, or neglected.

Virtuous sentiment was recovered, but energy of stile never was. This, though disregarded in

plays

plays and party-writings, ſtill prevailed amongſt men of character and buſineſs. The diſpatches of Sir Richard Fanſhaw, Sir William Godolphin, Lord Arlington, and many other miniſters of ſtate, are all of them, with reſpect to diction, manly, bold and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowlege and experience. He wrote always like a man of ſenſe and a gentleman, and his ſtile is the model by which the beſt proſe writers in the reign of Queen Anne, formed theirs. The beauties of Mr. Locke's ſtile, though not ſo much celebrated, are as ſtriking as that of his underſtanding. He never ſays more nor leſs than he ought, and never makes uſe of a word that he could have changed for a better. The ſame obſervation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Mr. Locke was a philoſopher, his antagoniſt Stillingfleet, Biſhop of Worceſter, was a man of learning, and therefore the conteſt between them was unequal. The clearneſs of Mr. Locke's head renders his language perſpicuous, the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is an inſtance of the ſuperiority of good ſenſe over learning, towards the improvement of every language.

There is nothing peculiar to the language of Archbiſhop Tillotſon, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him, wonders why

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why he himſelf did not think and ſpeak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable, tho' artleſs, and every thing he ſays ſeems to flow ſpontaneouſly from inward conviction. Barrow, tho' greatly his ſuperior in learning, falls ſhort of him in other reſpects.

The time ſeems to be at hand, when juſtice will be done to Mr. Cowley's proſe, as well as poetical writings; and tho' his friend Doctor Sprat, Biſhop of Rocheſter, in his diction, falls far ſhort of the abilities for which he has been celebrated; yet, there is ſometimes an happy flow in his periods, ſomething that looks like eloquence. The ſtile of his ſucceſſor Atterbury, has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man diſtinguiſhes himſelf in party, but there is in it nothing extraordinary. Even the ſpeech which he made for himſelf at the bar of the houſe of Lords, before he was ſent into exile, is void of eloquence, tho' it has been cry'd up by his friends to ſuch a degree, that his enemies have ſuffered it to paſs uncenſured.

The philoſophical manner of Lord Shafteſbury's writing, is nearer to that of Cicero, than any Engliſh author has yet arrived at, but, perhaps, had Cicero wrote in Engliſh, his compoſition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful, but

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ſuch beauty, as upon nearer inſpection, carries with it evident ſymptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very diſagreeable conſequences. Nothing is ſo eaſy to copy as affectation, and his Lordſhip's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any other writer I know; all faithfully preſerving his blemiſhes, but, unhappily, not one of his beauties.

Mr. Trenchard and Dr. Davenant were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now ſtandards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, tho' in other reſpects far their ſuperior, never could ariſe to that manlineſs and clearneſs of diction in political writing, for which they were ſo juſtly famous.

They were all of them exceeded by the late Lord Bolingbroke, whoſe ſtrength lay in that province; for as a philoſopher and a critic he was ill qualified, being deſtitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings againſt Sir Robert Walpole, are incomparably the beſt part of his works. The perſonal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whoſe places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his ſtile, and an edge to his manner, that never has been yet equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and diſappointments gave his mind a turn, which his friends miſtook for philoſophy, and

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and at one time of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His His idea of a patriot King, which I reckon (as indeed it was) amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a master-piece of diction. Even in his other works his stile is excellent; but where a man either does not, or will not understand the subject he writes on, there must always be a deficiency. In politics, he was generally master of what he undertook, in morals never.

Mr. Addison, for a happy and natural stile, will be always an honour to British literature. His diction indeed wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects he undertakes to handle, as he never (at least in his finished works) attempts any thing either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

Tho' Sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public writer, was owing to his connections with Mr. Addison, yet, after their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his merit as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison, as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him. This emulation destroyed that genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

Whilst their writings engaged attention, and the favour of the public, reiterated but unsuccessful en-

deavours were made towards forming a grammar of the Engliſh language. The authors of thoſe efforts went upon wrong principles. Inſtead of endeavouring to retrench the abſurdities of our language, and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammars were no other than a collection of rules attempting to naturalize thoſe abſurdities, and bring them under a regular ſyſtem.

Somewhat effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the ſtandard of the Engliſh language, had it not been for the ſpirit of party. For both *whigs* and *tories* being ambitious to ſtand at the head of ſo great a deſign, the Queen's death happened before any plan of an academy could be reſolved on.

Mean while, the neceſſity of ſuch an inſtitution became every day more apparent. The periodical and political writers which then ſwarmed, adopted the very worſt manner of Leſtrange, till not only all decency, but all propriety of language, was loſt in the nation. Leſly, a pert writer, with ſome wit and learning, inſulted the government every week with the groſſeſt abuſe. His ſtile and manner, both of which were illiberal, was imitated by Ridpath, De Foe, Dunton, and others of the oppoſite party, and Toland pleaded the cauſe of atheiſm and immorality in much the ſame ſtrain; his ſubject ſeemed to debaſe his diction, and he

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ever failed moſt in one, when he grew moſt licentious in the other.

Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, ſome of the greateſt men in England, devoted their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Steele, and many members of both houſes of parliament, drew their pens for the whigs; but they ſeem to have been over-matched, tho' not in argument, yet in writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the oppoſite party. They who oppoſe a miniſtry, have always a better field for ridicule and reproof, than they who defend it.

Since that period, our writers have either been encouraged above their merits or below them. Some, who were poſſeſſed of the meaneſt abilities, acquired the higheſt preferments, while others, who ſeemed born to reflect a luſtre upon their age, periſhed by want and neglect. More, Savage, and Amherſt, were poſſeſſed of great abilities, yet they were ſuffered to feel all the miſeries that uſually attend the ingenious and the imprudent, that attend men of ſtrong paſſions, and no phlegmatic reſerve in their command.

At preſent, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune, or encreaſe his friendſhip by poetry,

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he would ſoon feel the anxiety of diſappointment. The preſs lies open, and is a benefactor to every ſort of literature, but that alone.

I am at a loſs whether to aſcribe this falling off of the public to a vicous taſte in the poet, or in them. Perhaps, both are to be reprehended. The poet either drily didactive, gives us rules, which might appear abſtruſe even in a ſyſtem of ethics, or triflingly volatile writes upon the moſt unworthy ſubjects. Content, if he can give muſic inſtead of ſenſe; content, if he can paint to the imagination without any deſires or endeavours to affect; the public, therefore, with juſtice diſcard ſuch empty ſound, which has nothing but jingle, or what is worſe, the unmuſical flow of blank verſe, to recommend it. The late method alſo that our news papers have fallen into, of giving an epitome of every new publication, muſt greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himſelf in this caſe at the mercy of men, who have neither abilities nor learning to diſtinguiſh his merit. He finds his own compoſitions mixed with the ſordid traſh of every daily ſcribbler. There is a ſufficient ſpecimen given of his work to abate curioſity, and yet ſo mutilated as to render him contemptible. His firſt, and, perhaps, his ſecond work, by this means ſink, among the crudities of the age, into oblivion. Fame, he finds, begin to turn her back; he therefore flies to profit which invites him, and he enrols himſelf

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himſelf in the liſts of dulneſs and of avarice, for life.

Yet there are ſtill among us men of the greateſt abilities, and who, in ſome parts of learning, have ſurpaſſed their predeceſſors: Juſtice and friendſhip might here impel me to ſpeak of names which will ſhine out to all poſterity, but prudence reſtrains me from what I ſhould otherwiſe eagerly embrace. Envy might riſe againſt every honoured name I ſhould mention, ſince ſcarce one of them has not thoſe who are his enemies, or thoſe who deſpiſe him, &c.

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OF THE

OPERA in ENGLAND.

THE riſe and fall of our amuſements pretty much reſembles that of empire. They this day flouriſh without any viſible cauſe for ſuch vigour; the next they decay away, without any reaſon that can be aſſigned for their downfall. Some years ago the Italian opera was the only faſhionable amuſement among our nobility. The managers of the playhouſes dreaded it as a mortal enemy, and our very poets liſted themſelves in the oppoſition; at preſent, the houſe ſeems deſerted, the caſtratiſing to empty benches, even Prince Vologeſe himſelf, a youth of great expectations, ſings himſelf out of breath, and rattles his chain to no purpoſe.

To ſay the truth, the opera, as it is conducted among us, is but a very humdrum amuſement; in other countries, the decorations are entirely magnificent, the ſingers all excellent, and the burlettas or interludes, quite entertaining; the beſt poets compoſe the words, and the beſt maſters the muſic, but with us it is otherwiſe; the decorations are but trifling, and cheap; the ſingers, Matei only excepted, but indifferent. Inſtead of interlude, we have thoſe ſorts of ſkipping dances, which are calculated for the galleries of the theatre. Every performer

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former ſings his favourite ſong, and the muſic is only a medly of old Italian airs, or ſome meagre modern Capricio.

When ſuch is the caſe, it is not much to be wondered, if the opera is pretty much neglected; the lower orders of people have neither taſte nor fortune to reliſh ſuch an entertainment; they would find more ſatisfaction in the *Roaſt Beef of Old England*, than in the fineſt cloſes of an eunuch, they ſleep amidſt all the agony of recitative: On the other hand, people of fortune or taſte, can hardly be pleaſed where there is a viſible poverty in the decorations, and an entire want of taſte in the compoſition.

Would it not ſurprize one, that when Metaſtaſio is ſo well known in England, and ſo univerſally admired, the manager or the compoſer ſhould have recourſe to any other operas than thoſe written by him. I might venture to ſay, that *written by Metaſtaſio*, put up in the bills of the day, would alone be ſufficient to fill an houſe, ſince thus, the admirers of ſenſe as well as ſound, might find entertainment.

The performers alſo ſhould be entreated to ſing only their parts, without clapping in any of their own favourite airs. I muſt own, that ſuch ſongs are generally to me the moſt diſagreeable in the world.

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world. Every ſinger generally chuſes a favourite air, not from the excellency of the muſic, but from the difficulty; ſuch ſongs are generally choſen as ſurprize rather than pleaſe, where the performer may ſhew his compaſs, his breath, and his volubility.

From hence proceed thoſe unnatural ſtartings, thoſe unmuſical cloſings, and ſhakes lengthened out to a painful continuance; ſuch, indeed, may ſhew a voice, but it muſt give a truly delicate ear the utmoſt uneaſineſs. Such tricks are not muſic; neither Corelli nor Pergoleſi ever permitted them, and they begin even to be diſcontinued in Italy, where they firſt had their riſe.

And now I am upon the ſubject: Our compoſers alſo ſhould affect greater ſimplicity, let their baſe cliff have all the variety they can give it; let the body of the muſic (if I may ſo expreſs it) be as various as they pleaſe, but let them avoid ornamenting a barren ground work; let them not attempt, by flouriſhing, to cheat us of ſolid harmony.

The works of Mr. Rameau are never heard without a ſurprizing effect. I can attribute it only to this ſimplicity he every where obſerves, inſomuch, that ſome of his fineſt harmonies are often only octave and uniſon. This ſimple manner has greater powers than is generally imagined; and were

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were not such a demonstration misplaced, I think, from the principles of music, it might be proved to be most agreeable.

But to leave general reflection. With the present set of performers, the opera, if the conductor thinks proper, may be carried on with some success, since they have all some merit; if not as actors, at least as singers. Signora Matei is at once both a perfect actress and a very fine singer. She is possessed of a fine sensibility in her manner, and seldom indulges those extravagant and unmusical flights of voice complained of before. Cornacini, on the other hand, is a very indifferent actor; has a most unmeaning face; seems not to feel his part; is infected with a passion of shewing his compass; but to recompence all these defects, his voice is melodious; he has vast compass and great volubility; his swell and shake are perfectly fine, unless that he continues the latter too long. In short, whatever the defects of his action may be, they are amply recompenced by his excellency as a singer; nor can I avoid fancying that he might make a much greater figure in an oratorio, than upon the stage.

However, upon the whole, I know not whether ever opera can be kept up in England; they seem to be entirely exotic, and require the nicest management and care. Instead of this, the care of them

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them is aſſigned to men unacquainted with the genius and diſpoſition of the people they would amuſe, and whoſe only motives are immediate gain. Whether a diſcontinuance of ſuch entertainments would be more to the loſs or the advantage of the nation, I will not take upon me to determine, ſince it is as much our intereſt to induce foreigners of taſte among us on the one hand, as it is to diſcourage thoſe trifling members of ſociety, who generally compoſe the operatical *dramatis perſonæ* on the other.

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